

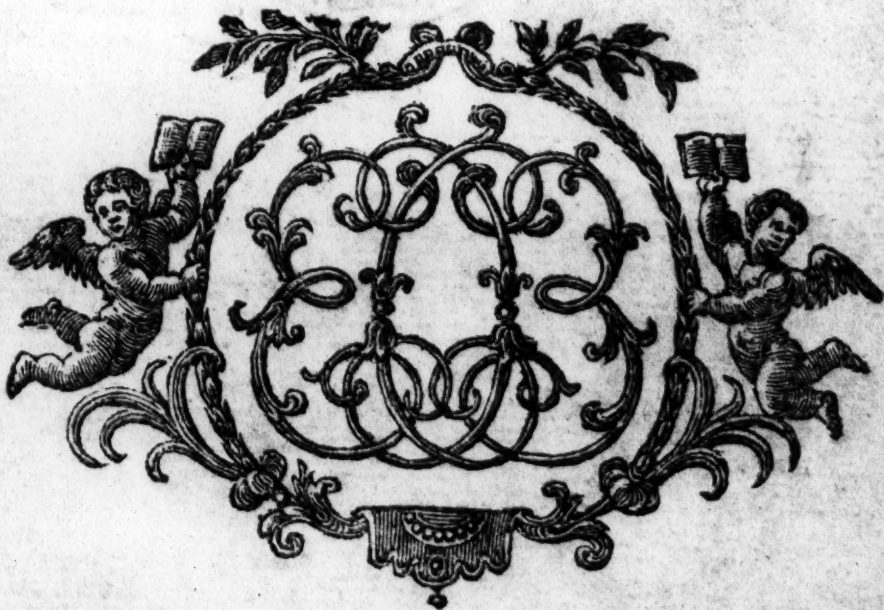
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MISCELLANIES,

UPON

Several Subjects;
Occasionally Written.

By Mr. JOSEPH GAY.



L O D D O N :

Printed for E. CURLL in *Fleet street*. M.DCCXIX.

MISCELLANIES

LONDON

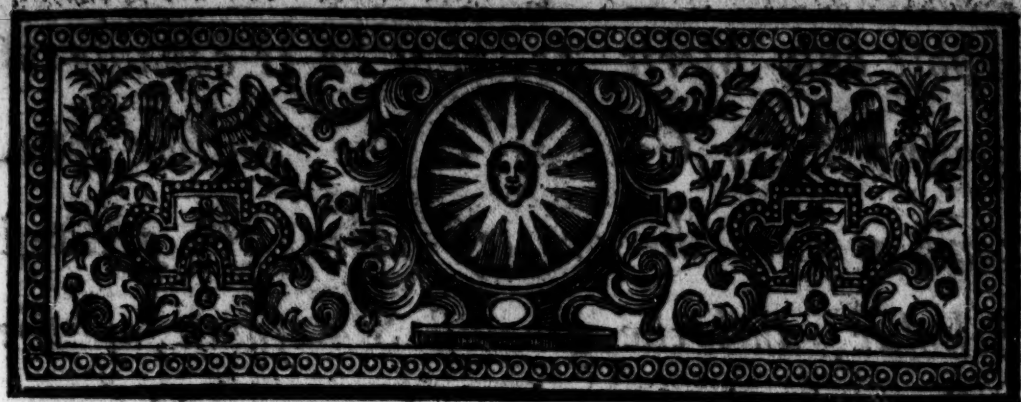
Secretal Subjects

Occasionally Written

GAY



Printed by W. B. ...



TO
Sir JAMES BAKER.

SIR,

T is the common Vice of a De-
dicating Poet, to draw the most
agreeable Picture of Human Na-
ture he can Imagine, and Injudiciously affix
it to the Person who is to Patronize his
Works; thus, you very often see a Man,
A whose

whose only Merit, is, that he is capable of giving Fifty Guineas to the Author, become at once the greatest Hero, the greatest Scholar, and the greatest Statesman of the Age; and what is more unaccountable, very few are able to defend themselves from this sort of Flattery, but believe, that those Qualities really belong to 'em, because they have purchas'd 'em.

FOR my part, I think it a defect in our Laws that there is no Punishment for this kind of Abuse, a great many well-meaning Men having been betray'd into an unsociable Opinion of themselves by this Practice alone. I was therefore resolv'd to avoid the Imputation, by chusing
a Patron

DEDICATION. V

a Patron, who is as incapable of Flattery, as of giving any thing for it ; whose Qualifications are of such a Nature, that it is out of the Power of a Poet to Describe them, with any Success ; 'tis this happy Singularity of your Behaviour, which makes you so much caress'd by the wiser Sort of Mankind, and that unconquerable Appetite you show amongst your Friends will render you ever agreeable in a Country where Plenty abounds , 'tis a peculiar Excellence in some Men, to bestow their Favours in such a manner , that the Giver seems to be the Person Oblig'd, but you by the happiest Turn of Understanding, receive Benefits as if you gave them, 'tis certainly an Instance of the

the greatness of your Soul, not to own an Obligation; for it shows at least you won'd, if it were in your Power, confer Favours without the Expectation of a return; but what more immediately charms me, is, the gravity of your Deportment against all the Assaults of Ridicule and Banter; whatever happens, you are still equal to your Self, in vain has Wit try'd its utmost Efforts, your Mind is still impregnable, nor can your Passions be disorder'd by the rudest attacks of any Person capable of making amends, by interposing his Interest, to prevent the expence of Tours.

TO

DEDICATION. vii

TO arrive at this Apathy has been the ineffectual Labour of all the Philosophers before you; Pain and Death have been sustain'd with Courage and Constancy, but no Body is recorded to have withstood the Shocks of Ridicule with Magnanimity but your Self; 'tis with a noble Disdain you treat these Contemners of Science, and look upon them rather as the Objects of Pity than Anger; happy it is for them that you are indued with so much Sense, or else the Consequences might be fatal to them, but they are Safe, till you can think with them, that Courage consists in Offending; for my part, Sir, I hope you will excuse
my

viii DEDICATION.

*my outward Behaviour, while I treat you
with a Comical Reverence, since I assure
you, that no Body has a more sincere re-
gard for you than,*

Sir,

Yours to Command

*Nov. 5.
1718.*

JOSEPH GAY.



THE
PETTICOAT:
AN
Heroi-Comical POEM.

In Two BOOKS.

Price One Shilling.

THE

THE

RETIROAT

HEROIC POEM



1800

OF THE

THE
PETTICOAT:
AN
HEROI - COMICAL
P O E M.

In Two BOOKS.

By Mr. G A Y.

Dux Fœmina Facti. Virg.

The SECOND EDITION Corrected.



L O N D O N:
Printed for R. BURLEIGH in *Amen Corner,*
MDCCXVI.

THE
PETTICOAT

HEROIC - COMIC

P O E M





TO THE
LADIES.

LADIES,



THE Invention of the
FAN, and the PAT-
TIN*, having gain'd
your approbation, I
hope this of the HOOP-PETTI-

* See TRIVIA.

COAT,

COAT, as the Design is laudable, will come in for a small share of your Favour.

Tho' I am no less than *Cousin-German* to the Author of those admir'd Productions: Yet, I, by no means, desire to Graft a Reputation upon his Stock; nay, I am so little sollicitous about the Fate of my Performance, that I shall conclude what I have to say upon the Subject, in the Words of a Celebrated Author. †

“ What I have done is submit-
 “ ted to the Publick, from whose
 “ Opinions I am prepared to

† See Mr. POPE's Preface to his Translation of HOMER.

“ learn

(iii)

“ learn ; tho’ I fear no Judges
“ so little as our best Poets, who
“ are most sensible of the Weight
“ of this Task. As for the Worst,
“ whatever they shall please to
“ say, they may give me some
“ Concern as they are unhappy
“ Men, but none, as they are
“ malignant Writers.

Your very humble Servant,

JOSEPH GAY.

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THE
PETTICOAT:
AN
Heroi-Comical POEM.

BOOK I.

*Sed me vel Tellus optem Prius Ima dehiscat,
Ante, Pudor! quam te Violo, aut tua Jura resolvo. Virg.*

S Ince in such odd Fantastick Times as these,
All Female Toys the roving Fancy please,
APOLLO thinks his Servants much to blame,
To let the FAN exceed the Rest in Fame;

B

With

With Gen'rous Rage inflames th' aspiring Muse,
 And warns her Now a loftier Theme to chuse:
 'The God prescribes the Object of my Praise,
 And what the God directs, the Bard obeys.

Begin my Muse, and sing in *Epick* Strain
 The PETTICOAT; (nor shalt thou sing in vain,
 The PETTICOAT will sure reward thy Pain!)
 Proceed its various Beauties to display,
 And set its *Circling Charms* in full Array;
 Say whence its wond'rous Origin it drew,
 Then spread the Wide-stretch'd PETTICOAT to
 Not that which is by Rural Damsels worn,
 Not that which Modern Milk-Maids does adorn,
 These may be Grasp'd by ev'ry Grubstreet Muse;
 But mine, through nobler Paths, a nobler End
 [view:
 [pursues.
 Rais'd

Rais'd by my *FLORA*'s Love, aloft I soar,
 And swell with Hopes to reach the distant Shore;
 Nor can I of the wish'd Success despair,
 Since Heav'n protects the Fav'rites of the Fair:
 Undaunted like the little *Wren* I fly,
 And mount the *Eagle* to ascend the Skie.

Long had young *Thyrsis* the Coy *Chloe* woo'd,
 And, oft repuls'd, unwearied still pursu'd,
 Till pitying *Cupid* sent a timely Dart,
 To fire with equal warmth the Fair-One's Heart;
 That she, who had so long with proud Disdain,
 Refus'd the Offerings of her humble Swain,
 Might late, Convinc'd by sad Experience prove
 Resistance vain against the Pow'r of Love.

Alas! o w soon the wond'rous Change she
 How soon she finds her Resolution melt? ^{[felt?}
 Her beating Heart with doubtful Ardour burns,
 And Modesty and Love prevail by Turns;
 Her Redden'd Cheeks with conscious Blushes
 Her wanton Looks, her wanton Wishes ^{[glow,} show;
 Her Heaving Breasts with rising Passions swell,
 And Silence speaks what Words want Pow'r to
 Sleep shun'd her Eyes, her Soul abandon'd Rest, ^{[tell;}
 And Love and *Thyrsis* ev'ry Look confest.

Whilst *Thyrsis* gaz'd with Transport on her Face,
 He saw Compassion by Degrees take place.
 He saw---and thought the Alteration strange;
 But well he knew the Sex were prone to change;

Ready

Ready to seize his Long-despair'd of Prize,
 With more than Mortal Extacy he flies,
 And youthful Fury sparkles in his Eyes.
 She fled: --- He like *Apollo* chas'd the Fair;
 The Fair to shun him took not *Daphne's* Care:
 With swiftest Speed at first she scours the Field,
 And flying, seems as half averse to Yield;
 The wanton Winds her Snowy Limbs expose,
 And at each Blast unlook'd-for Charms disclose,
 Each well-turn'd Leg attracts the Lover's Eyes,
 And the Nymph seems more beauteous as she flies:
 But now, with short fetch'd steps she moves
 Her panting Sides her slacken'd Paces ^{[more slow,} show;
 Back on the Swain she looks---She trips; She falls,
 And, falling, on her much lov'd *Thyrsis* calls:

Thyrsis /

Thyrsis was ready at his *Chloe's* Call,
 And clasp'd her fast, and sav'd her from her Fall :
 With trembling haste into his Arms she flies,
 And Heart meets Heart till each in Transport dies.
 Thus EVE with ardent Love *Embracing lean'd*
On our first Father, Eager prest his Hand;
 Whilst He impatient Cloas'd her in his Arms,
 Fir'd with her Beauty and *Submissive Charms*,
 Till on the Mossy Bank they fainting lay,
 And both dissolv'd in floods of Bliss away.

But ah ! Such momentary Joys are vain,
 And present Pleasure leads to future Pain :
 That little Taste of vain Delight has cost
 The brightest Gem, the fairest Nymph could boast.

Nor

Nor was the Loss her greatest Cause of Grief,
 (Since that in time might find a sure Relief,)
 But what was worse, the dreaded Symptoms
 Which would to all the World the Slip proclaim.^{[came,}

Tho' needles they, for Looks her Shame confess,
 And ev'ry prying Eye the Fault might guess;
 With Shame she now avoids the conscious Grove,
 (The silent Witness of her fatal Love;)
 The Grand Cabal she now frequents no more,
 Or comes the last, who went the first before;
 That Charming Voice that ravish'd ev'ry Swain,
 The Joy and Wonder of the Neighb'ring Plain,
 No more from Repartee Applause demands,
 But Grief all Utterance of Words withstands:

In

In Sighs and Silence now she wastes the Time,
 Tokens sufficient to divulge her Crime!

If Nymphs less Chast than these compos'd the
 If Nymphs so Chast, admitted Thoughts prophane! ^{[Train!}

Yet some, 'tis said, by shrewd Suspicions guest;
 (For some are still more knowing than the rest,)
 And guest alas too well! but these, 'tis thought,
 By dear Experience had their Wisdom bought.

Around the Circle soon the Whisper flew,
 Those spoke the first, who thought the most they ^{[knew;}
 Strait ev'ry piercing Eye observes the Dame,
 In vain with Smiles she would conceal her Shame:
 Her Eyes still redden with the Tears she spilt;
 Her Bosom heaves, too conscious of her Guilt;

They

They saw new signs, they ne'er discern'd before,
 And each they saw, they made a thousand more.
 The more observ'd, the more her Looks reveal
 The fatal Secret, which they should conceal.

With timely Caution she avoids their sight,
 And seeks for shelter in the shades of Night:
 There mourns in secret the sad Doom, she thought,
 Too *great* a Penance for so *slight* a Fault.

Long the big Passion burnt within her Breast,
 At length her Rage in Words like these express'd.
 And must I tamely bear this foul Disgrace?

This open Insult offer'd to my Face?

No--- E'er I do, the Sun shall lose his Light,
 And plunge the Day in Seas of endless Night.
 First shall each Atom of Creation jar,
 And kindling Elements light up Eternal War.

What ! shall the saucy *Prudes* presume to boast,
 That they possess the Jewel I have lost ?
 Whilst I, (my fatal Folly seen too late,)
 Like Angels fal'n, deplore my wretched Fate,
 Curse what I feel, and bless my former State.

She said---and strait to her Lov'd THYRSIS goes,
 THYRSIS had now a sweet Retirement chose ;
 With Industry and Care compos'd a Grove,
 And laid the Scene of all his future Love.
 A shady Verdant Walk the Entrance grac'd,
 Of Yew and Holly in nice Order plac'd ;
 Down whose Descent the Eye might far pursue
 A dubious Prospect, that deceiv'd the View ;
 The op'ning Scene the gazing Eye employs,
 And by degrees prepares it for Surprise.

A fragrant *Bow'r* its head at distance rears,
 And now in full Perfection it appears ;
 Its sides with interwoven Woodbines rose,
 The Chequer'd Ground with various Daisies glows,
 Here Red, there White, in Party-colour'd Drefs,
 Which ev'ry where did CHLOE's Name exprefs.
 A *Myrtle* at each Corner, rais'd its Head,
 Which spread o'er all the Bow'r a grateful Shade,
 The *Palm* and spreading *Laurel* kindly close,
 And the Arch'd Roof in *Woven Shade* compose.

The sinking *Sun* in *Western* Isles appear'd,
 And now the Shepherd folds his wandring Herd ;
 Now flow'ry Meads with falling Dews grew wet,
 And length'ning Shadows shew'd him almost fet :

When CHLOE to this New-form'd *Eden* came,
 To seek the hapless Author of her Shame ;
 At length, arriv'd, she speeds her eager Pace,
 And views unmov'd the Pleasures of the Place.
 Strait onward to the Bow'r pursues her way,
 And meets no Object to induce her stay ;
 The rural Scenes exert their Charms in vain,
 Tho' sure they might, if ought could ease her Pain.
 At last her THYRSIS the fair Mourner found
 Supine in Slumber stretch'd upon the Ground.
 With Gentle Voice, Awake! Awake! she cries,
 Oh could such happy Slumbers seal my Eyes!
 Could I, like Thee, secure from anxious Thought,
 Enjoy the Pleasure and forget the Fault!
 But all the Ease my Rigid Fates allow,
 I seek in Thee, the Cause of all my Woe.

The

The Swain surpriz'd to see the Nymph so near,
 Rises to Welcome, and to chear the Fair;
 With soothing Tales of Love, the Artful Boy
 Excites the Virgin to repeat the Joy :

The Fair reclining on his guilty Breast,
 In Words like these her growing Griefs exprest.

Fond Youth! Alas in vain thou striv'st to ease
 My troubled Mind, and lull my Soul to Peace.

Whilst hapless I am scoff'd by ev'ry *Prude*,

Whose Vertue makes her Insolent, and Rude,

Cruel! Unkind--- No more her Breath supply'd,

And flagging Nature for a Moment dy'd.

The frighted Youth with tender Care convey'd

Within the fragrant Bow'r the fainting Maid.

There

There each restoring Scent apply'd with Care,
 And wak'd to Life the sad repining Fair.
 Then lowly Prostrate He to *Venus* falls,
 And thus the Aid of Beauty's Goddess calls.

Oh Potent QUEEN who rul'st Love's awful
 And shar'st the Kingdom with thy mighty Son! ^{[Throne,}
 Oh think what Shame thy conscious Guilt confest,
 Oh think what Indignation fir'd thy Breast,
 When limping VULCAN in his Net enclos'd
 The God of War, and Thee, and to all Heav'n
 From thence some Pity Bounteous Goddess send; ^{[expos'd}
 And with thy gentle Aid a Nymph befriend.
 If e'er true Lovers thy Protection claim,
 Let not one Slip for ever blast her Fame;

How

How dear alas! are Worldly Pleasures bought,
If such a Price must pay so sweet a Fault?
How can weak Woman's strength sufficient prove
To stem the Torrent of Ungovern'd Love?
Since Gods themselves his Pow'r Superior own,
And for a Mortal's Bed, resign their Heav'nly
[Throne!

Say then, Oh QUEEN! for thou alone canst tell
What lucky Thought may CHLOE'S Shame conceal.
In happy Time some new Device erect,
And yielding Maids from Scandal's Breath protect!

He pray'd--- But VENUS heard not half his
Or, had she heard, she could not ease his Care;
Th' Immortal in the self-same Snare was caught,
And, though a Goddess, err'd If Love's a Fault?

ADONIS

ADONIS now does all Her Thoughts employ,
And Heav'n without ADONIS yields no Joy.

Dejected THYRSIS in despair return'd,
His Pray'r unheard, with pensive CHLOE mourn'd.
The Nymph enrag'd to think the Suit denied,
Resolv'd to use all means that could be tried ;
With Female, (not Inferior,) Pow'r to show
What, at a Pinch, a Womans's Wit can do.
Strait home she goes, and *Betty* calls in haste,
(The Virtuous *Betty*, as her Mistress Chast !)
To fetch the several Necessary Tools
Ordain'd by Custom, or prescrib'd by Rules.
E'er yet the Handmaid had her Cargo brought,
The Work was Perfect in her Fancy wrought,

With

With pleasing Hopes she fed her ravish'd Mind,
 And thought she view'd what was but yet design'd:
 Officious *Betty* soon to Sight appears,
 And grows beneath the heavy Weight she bears,
 The ample Table then before her spread,
 Each Female Trinket was in order laid.

Here, Rows of Pins, of various sort and size,
 Stood fix'd on Paper stain'd with Crimson Dies;
 The Scizzars here, and there the Needles lay,
 And Shades of different Silks confus'dly gay;
 The Thimble here, with many a Story wrought
 Of Nymphs by cunning to Compliance brought;
 CALISTO here, without her Quiver's seen,
 Stretch'd at her Ease upon the flow'ry Green.

D

Whilst

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D

Whilst

With

Whilst Lustful Jove assumes DIANA's Shape,
 And in a PETTICOAT conceals his Rape :
 With Look Demure, He thus accosts the Maid,
 With specious Shew of Modesty betray'd,
 What Woods, Oh Nymph ! cold Thee so long
 [detain?
 Thou best belov'd of all my Num'rous Train !
 To whom the Nymph : — Hail Goddess more
 [rever'd
 Than Jove himself ! — Jove laught at what
 [he heard ;
 And saw *himself* before *himself* prefer'd ;
 With more than Female Warmth the Nymph
 [caress'd,
 And eager Kisses on her Lips impress'd :
 The Nymph resisted all that Woman cou'd ;
 But what avails the Pow'r of Flesh and Blood,
 Oppos'd against the Vigour of a God ?

Here

Here a white *Bull* the wily God appears,
 And 'midst the Herd his curling Forehead rears ;
 EUROPA to a Man the *Brute* prefer'd,
 And wish'd her self a Heifer in the Herd :
 To feed her much belov'd, the Grass she pulls,
 And all around the choicest Flow'rs she culls ;
 Whilst He, with frisking Leaps, around her plays,
 And tho' a Beast, a Heav'nly Form displays.
 A-while at Distanue stood the Cautious Dame,
 Tho' Fears were needless — for her *Bull* wastame!
 Grown bolder now, she strokes his snowy Sides,
 And last, with Manly Grace the God bestrides :
 The God impatient, plunges in the Sea,
 And bears the beauteous trembling Prize away.

The stiffen'd Canvas, now, the Nymph displays,
 The stiffen'd Canvas, yet, the Touch obeys ;
 Now Ribs of Whale, with artful Care she bends,
 And Each in its adapted Place extends :
 The Whalebones spread the swelling Canvas wide,
 And stretch'd their stubborn Lengths from Side
 No more was wanting but the Needle's Aid,
 Which *Betty* to her skilful Hand convey'd ;
 That want supply'd, the Dame her work pursued,
 Fix'd all she form'd, and all she fix'd review'd,
 Till now the Work was to Perfection brought,
 And Use and Beauty center'd in the 'COAT.



THE
PETTICOAT:
AN
Heroi-Comical POEM.
BOOK II.

THE

PELTICOT:

HEROIC-COMICAL POEM.

BOOK II.

BY

F

On

T

A



THE
PETTICOAT:

AN

Heroi-Comical P O E M.

BOOK II.

Omne tulit punctum quæ miscuit Utile Dulci. Hor.

THE ruddy Morn had now repell'd the Night,
And Darkneſs fled before the Dawn of Light;
The early *Lark* aſcends with daring Wings,
And to the *Sun* her Morning Anthem ſings ;

The

The Mifty Dews from Fenny Marshes rise,
 And waking Peasants rub their half-shut Eyes :
 When restless CHLOE threw her Curtains by,
 To see if Day appear'd in *Eastern* Skie;
 With Joy she saw, and pull'd the tinkling Bell,
 This *Betty* heard, and knew the Signal well ;
 Yet wonder'd at the unexpected Chime,
 Six tedious Hours before 'twas Breakfast-Time ;
 She thought some Frenzy, sure, had seiz'd the
 Then turn'd her round, and thought it but a ^{[Dame,}
 Her heavy Eyes again in Slumbers cloas'd, ^{[Dream;}
 And ev'ry drowfy Faculty compos'd :
 When fresh Alarms th' astonish'd Ear confound,
 And loud repeated Peals again resound ;
 Now, some short time in Yawning spent, she
 And in a Hurry huddled on her Cloaths ; ^{[rose,}
 Then

Then, breathless, to her Lady's Room she flies,
 And Ent'ring, *Madam, did you Call? she cries:*
 I scarce could trust my Senses, as they say,
 To hear you stirring when 'twas hardly day;
 Who'd think your Ladyship should Rise so soon,
 When 'twas but Yesterday you Lay till Noon?
 Bless me! 'twould frighten any Flesh alive,
 It wants, at least, a Quarter now of Five!

Impatient CHLOE quits her *needful* Rest,
 Of ev'ry Earthly Good she thinks posselt:
 (Oh Sex for ever blind to future Fate,
 Whom *trivial* Griefs *depress*, and *trivial* Joys
 [elate!])
 Eager to meet the Grand Cabal again,
 She waits the wasting of the Time in pain,

Attentive to the beating Watch appears,
 And ev'ry Minute, ev'ry Second, hears :
 When now, the Warning told the Hour's approach,
Betty's dispatch'd to *Robin* for the Coach.

But how Cross Fate does our Designs prevent,
 By some unlook'd for, Luckless Accident ?
 No sooner did she at the Coach arrive,
 And Orders gave to *Robin* where to drive,
 But found, (Oh fatal Chance !) yet found too late,
 The PETTICOAT too Wide, the Door too Strait :
 Entrance, by Force, she oft attempts to gain,
Betty's assistance too she calls in vain,
 The stubborn Whalebone bears her back again.
 Vex'd at the Baulk, on Foot she trips her way,
 For Woman's Will admits of no Delay :

On

On either Side, a faithful Slave attends,
And Safe from Harms the PETTICOAT defends.]

The Nymphs assembled, now in Council fate,
To fix some weighty Matters in Debate ;
When CHLOE, in this spacious Garb array'd,
(No longer now of prying Eyes afraid,)
Advanc'd with Solemn Pace and graceful Mien,
Whilst various Zephyrs swell the new *Machine* :
With Art, each Fold disposes in its place,
And smooths each Wrinkle with becoming Grace ;
Then thus, with Decent Pride her Silence broke,
The Dames attentive listen'd whilst she spoke :

Ye Nymphs ! who make it your peculiar Care,
With useful Precepts to instruct the Fair,

To use each Artifice that *Woman* can,
 Against the bold encroaching Creature *Man*;
 Behold this Work, whose Praise I justly claim,
 And make, Unrival'd, this Pretence to Fame:
 In vain you bid the tow'ring Head ascend,
 By various Rows of stiffning Wire sustain'd,
 Unless, by this, you Guard the lighter Part,
 Which, weak by Nature, needs the help of Art;
 All Ages past are with Examples fraught,
 And long Experience has this Lesson taught ;
 The firmest Superstructure must decay,
 When e'er the solid Basis sinks away ;
 A May-Pole will not like a Church endure,
 And Ships without their Ballast never Sail secure,

This

This Doctrine ev'ry prudent Nymph allow'd,
 And joint Applauses eccho'd from the Crowd :
 As when, the Glory of the Tragick Scene,
 The Manly BOOTH, in Majesty serene,
 Attracts the pleas'd Spectators ravish'd Ears,
 And seems to Be, the CATO he appears ;
 At ev'ry Pause, resounding Shouts prevail,
 And often stop, and interrupt his Tale.

Again, th' Exalted Dame her Speech renews,
 Resumes the Word, and Learnedly pursues ;
 Let DIDO's Stratagem be hence forgot,
 And to her Memory no Praise allot,
 For were the Fair to purchase *Carthage* now,
 The Bull's-Hide Trick they'd wholly disallow,
And

And make their Bargain, but for so much Ground,
 As this *Capacious Hoop* might compass round.
 The *Fardingal*, for baser Ends design'd,
 To hide the growing Shame of Nymphs too kind,
 Will now ('tis hop'd) its vain Pretensions quit,
 And to a Work like this, Compleat, submit.

She ceas'd: Fair CHLORIS next discharg'd
 [her Fan,
 And in persuasive Accents thus began;
 Men are of late so proud and saucy grown,
 They dare for ev'ry Nymph a Passion own,
 [shown.
 And from a Civil Answer, brag of Favours
 If they exceed Good Manners, and Decorum,
 They think, Dear Souls! that we must needs
 [adore 'em,
 And that the Sex was made to fall before 'em.

Should

Should now, by Chance, (for Flesh we know is
Some fav'rite Fop above the rest prevail ; ^[frail,]

Admit the very worst that Men can boast,

We need but keep our Counsel at the most,

This *New Machine* a sure Defence shall prove,

And guard us All against the Harms of Love.

As the fierce *Porcupine*, whom Nature Arms,

Abroad securely Preys, nor dreads Alarms,

But whensoe'er th' approaching Foe she spies,

To meet the Foe the bristled Monster flies ;

Quick from her Back she calls a Wood of Quills,

Which darting forth, whoe'er she hits, she kills :

So might the Fair, thus arm'd, remain secure,

And brave the Dangers which they shun'd before,

Safe in their Ramparts all Assaults defie,

And dare the Efforts of the Enemy.

She

She said, and fate: and HERCULEA rose,
 (Her the whole Sex had for their Champion chose;)
 Nature at first her Soul for Man design'd,
 But by Mistake to Woman's Mold confin'd:
 Her Mien was Masculine, and Manly Grace,
 And more than Female Boldness flush'd her Face.
 Applauding Murmurs round the Circle ran,
 When with disdainful Smiles she thus began:
 The Use of Art, should Nature chance to fail,
 I own is Good, and may like that prevail;
 But surely none to use base Arts will yield,
 Till by decay of Nature's Force compell'd;
 By Art we're taught the *Flutt'ring* FAN to hold,
 Whilst Love in Ambush lies in ev'ry Fold;

Already we have shewn *the Shoulders bare*,

And panting Breasts expos'd to open Air ;

And shall we now let ev'ry Coxcomb see,

At ev'ry blast of Wind, the *Naked Knee* ?

Oh Nymphs, for shame, such trifling Arts de-

Each Fop will find the Cause of this Design, ^{[cline,}

And, fraught with Impudence, the Guard bear

Then with Disdain refuse the Conquer'd Town. ^{[down,}

Trust your own Charms, let Nature give Sur-

The *Porcupine* less store of Darts supplies, ^{[prize;}

Than *Cupid* shafts from ev'ry Female's Eyes.

In musty Records we have Stories told,

Of *Troy's* Defeat by Stratagem, of Old,

Yet sure Defect of Courage does it show,

To take Advantage of a weaker Foe :

F

What

What Hero to such Tricks would have recourse?
 Troy should have stood, if not reduc'd by Force.
 She spoke --- the dire Contagion quickly spread,
 And *some* were heard to second what she said;
 Of these, whose Satire was from Envy stirr'd,
 The Muse declines the Venom to record.

When each malicious Nymph her Faults had
 The Learn'd AURELIA last survey'd it round; ^{[found,}
 AURELIA, vers'd in ev'ry Female Art,
 With piercing Eyes examin'd ev'ry part;
 Each Curious Fold laid open to the view,
 Each Curious Fold presented something New;
 She paus'd, and Thought her Admiration rais'd,
 Review'd it all, and all she view'd, she prais'd;

Nor gave her Praise without the justest Cause ;
 Yet scatter'd Censure midst of her Applause.
 Up rose the *Prude*, and with a Look serene,
 Display'd to all the Circle the Machine ;
 View here, (she cry'd,) what CHLOE'S Art has
 This Work may sure for former Faults atone ;
 Her tedious Absence pleads a just excuse,
 Whose private Labours turn to publick Use.
 In this the Master-strokes of Art behold,
 Great the Invention, as the Work is bold !
 Should now Good natur'd Nymphs, (which
 To Grant too early Favours condescend ;
 See here, the happy means propos'd to shun,
 The Fatal Danger, when the Fault is done.
 Had CHLOE'S Self,—but let none hence infer,
 That Virtue so severe as her's could err !

Had she, in Need, devis'd this rare Machine,
 Untouch'd, as now, her Chastity had been:
 Let no Coy Nymphs of Remedy despair,
 Contrivance is the Province of the Fair.
 Secure from Censure, let each dauntless Maid,
 Rush to the Field, and find a ready Aid;
 Let no vain Fears of future Ills detain,
 The Lovesick Virgin from the Longing Swain,
 Scandal no more shall blast the Damsel's Name,
 Safe in this Covert, shall remain her Fame,
 And *Yield*, or *not*, for ever be the same.
 Unharm'd by Love, each Nymph shall now ap-
 Nor Shame henceforth restrain the Willing Fair.^{[pear,}
 Sure, first, some Grateful Youth, to ease the Dame,
 That kindly Yielded to reward his Flame,

In happy Hour, this Lucky Hint supply'd :
 Or Bridegroom, pitying his too bashful Bride,
 Devis'd this Whim, the Fair One to allure,
 That, footh'd with hopes of such a seeming Cure,
 Fearless, she might the dang'rous Bliss endure.

So valiant AJAX with large Promise fed
 The Youthful TEUCER, and to Battle led :
 But when the Thunder of the War grew loud,
 Himself, protected from the Hostile Crowd,
 His ample Target to the Warrior lent,
 In time of Need, his Danger to prevent :
 The youthful TEUCER this *Asylum* chose,
 And dar'd, Secure, the thickest of his Foes ;
 AURELIA spoke — the rest her Words rever'd,
 And all around their mingled Shouts were heard.

In

Where

Where Praise so just is due, the Grateful Muse,
 Disdains her humble Tribute to refuse;
 Hail *Spacious Canopy*, spread Heav'nly wide!
 What Wonders dost thou *show*, what Wonders
 Could I but half thy num'rous Beauties tell, ^[hide?]
 For ever on the Lovely Theme I'd dwell.
 The *Canvas* here to Nobler Use apply'd,
 Shall spread its ample Breadth with envy'd Pride;
 Tho' from the *Pencil*, first, it gain'd a Name,
 The Fair have rais'd it to superior Fame.

This Praise, Illustrious Nymph! be justly thine,
 This Work alone, proclaims thy Pow'r Divine,
 VENUS no more shall o'er the Sex preside,
 But all adore, who all defects can hide.

To

To teach these Am'rous Faults, be her's alone,
 All Woman-kind the Deity shall own,
 That did the Means to cover them make known.
 Thy Matchless Fame for ever shall survive,
 Who didst so quickly such a Work contrive,
 Leapt thus the World to Being at a Call,
 And Jove's Almighty FIAT form'd the Ball.

The Senate now adjourn'd, the Dames decree,
 The Matchless CHLOE shall their Leader be ;
 The Matchless CHLOE now accepts the place,
 And moves the foremost, with Majestick Grace;
 The spacious PETTICOAT, in bright Array,
 Like the tall Ship, does all its Pride display,
 Swells with full Gales, and sweeps along the
 [way.

F I N I S.



THE
CONFEDERATES:
A
FARCE.

By Mr. GAY.

Rumpantur ut ilia CODRO.



These are the Wags, who boldly did adventure
To club a Farce by *Tripartite Indenture*!
But, let 'em share their Dividend of Praise,
And wear their own *Fool's Cap*, instead of *Bays*.

Brol. to the Sultaness.

LONDON: Printed for R. BURLEIGH,
in Amen-Corner. 1717. [Price 1s.]

TO NEEDERNTES.

F A R C E.

By Mr. GAY.

Represented at the Cobden.



These are the Men who have
To club a force by virtuous labours!
And wear their own hats, instead of B's.
[Illegible text]

LONDON: Printed for R. BURRIDGE,
in Awer-Corner, [illegible]

T O

Mrs. PHOEBE CLINKET.

M A D A M,

I T is somewhat odd, that
a Person who has got so
much Reputation by her
Heels, should give her self up now
to scanning of *Verses*, and making

A 2

of

DEDICATION.

of *Similes*; and change the agreeable *Dancer*, into the frightful *She*
Pedant.

For my Part, I should have expected to have seen your *Pinner* stain'd with *Claret*, much sooner than *Ink*, a *Fiddle* carry'd before you, rather than a *Desk*, and another *Weapon* in that soft *Hand*, instead of a *Pen*.

You are oblig'd to the Three worthy Gentlemen, whose Pictures

are

DEDICATION.

free re in the Front, for a Name
She that will stick by you as long as you
live : And since the Part that you
more in their FARCE, has made you
have so deservedly Famous, I think no
body has a juster Title to the Pro-
tection of mine.

before
other However, tho' I take this Li-
berty, I shall not abuse it, by tref-
passing long upon your Patience ;
since DEDICATIONS have something
Threen them so Formal : And you will
agree

DEDICATION.

agree with me, That a *Stiff Thing*
of This Kind at least, cannot be
too *short*.

I am, &c.

JOSEPH GAY



TO THE

READER.

MY Kinsman's late Ill Success,
had almost discourag'd me
from subscribing a Name I
have in common with him, to this Pre-
sence ; but the World, I hope, is too Ge-
nerous to condemn a whole Family, be-
cause one of its Branches falls under its
Censure : And they who will but take
the

To the Reader.

*the Pains to read the following POEM, sufficient
must acquit me, I dare swear, of having sent
any Hand in his Play.*

*'Tis not to be wonder'd at, that a Copy
Man who has Burlesqu'd the Beauties
and Excellencies of Poets, should pick out
out their worst Parts for his Models, and one
Ape their Deformities. * The Purloin'd
and Quibbles so plentifully scatter'd in
the late Famous Comedy, convince*

** Three Hours after Marriage.*

sufficient

To the Reader.

sufficiently, that the same want of Judgment which had made him expose what was Great and Sublime in † SHAKESPEARE, OTWAY, &c. induc'd him to copy their Imperfections and Faults. He has given a farther Proof of this, by making HORACE his *Pattern in one of his Epistles, which his greatest Admirers can perhaps say the least for; and that Excellent Author is as little

† The What d'ye call it.

* A Journey to Exeter.

[b]

behol-

To the Reader.

beholden to JOHNNY's Imitation in the Con
Place, as he is to Dr. BENTLEY's
Amendments in others.

As for my Kinsman's Two Friends
behind the Curtain, who will not allow
him, he says, to make use of their
Names; they must excuse me, if I am
less tender in that Point, and bring
them both on the Stage; where,
hop'd, they will not make a worse Fi
gure, than the Persons they themselves
introduc'd: For 'tis but Reason, m
thinks, that my Cousin's Ingenious

Co

To the Reader.

Confederates should share his Dis-
grace, since he publickly owns, They
went Snacks in his Profit.

JOSEPH GAY.



[b 2]

PRO-

To the Reader



PROLOGUE.

SINCE Prose has met such bad Success of late,
In Verse our Author tries this Night his Fate
A Novice Bard ; yet vain enough to hope
For no worse Luck, than T——R, and POPE.
No far-fetch'd Mummies on this Stage appear,
Nor Snake, nor Shark, nor Crocodile is here ;
But, One Strange Monster we design to show,
(His Fellow you ne'er saw in * Channel-Row)

* Randal in Channel-Row, the famous Monster-monger

PROLOGUE.

*On whom Dame Nature nothing good bestow'd,
In Form, a Monkey; but for Spite, a Toad,
Nor thought we fit, (since They might take it ill)
To leave out here his Brethren of the Quill;
The Northern Doctor with his Highland Face;
Nor t'other Wit that waited on her * Grace.*

*The Poet begs the Rhyme you will excuse,
Nor damn the Labour of your Champion Muse:
A Muse that rises in the Town's Defence,
Plagu'd with dull Satire, and Impertinence.)*

*This he declares, The Scenes are all his Own,
If for his Faults that Frankness will atone.*

*Let Brother Wits impose on JOHNNY GAY;
But JOE's no Father for Another's Play.*

** D ———— fs of M ———— h.*

Dramatis

PROLOGUE.



Dramatis Personæ.

MEN.

Mr. POPE.

Dr. ARBUTHNOTT.

Mr. GAY.

Mr. CIBBER.

Mr. LINTOTT.

WOMEN.

Mrs. OLDFIELD.

Mrs. BICKNELL.

Attendants.

SCENE *Covent Garden.*

Dramatis

CONFEDERATES:

FARCE.

SCENE I.

*A Room in the Rose-Tavern, near the
PLAY-HOUSE.*

POPE *solus.*

[ARB. *list'ning at the Door.*

THUS in the *Zenith* of my Vogue I Reign,
And blest th' Abundance of my fertile Vein;

My pointed Satire aim alike at All,

H B (Foe to Mankind) and scatter round my Gall:

B

With

With poyson'd Quill, I keep the World in Awe;
 And from My Self my own ^a THERSITES draw.
 This very Night, with Modern Strokes of Wit;
 I charm the *Boxes*, and divert the *Pit*;
 Safe from the Cudgel, stand secure of Praise;
 Mine is the Credit, be the ^b Danger GAY's.

[ARB. coming forward]

Hold, Brother! thou forget'st the Scenes I made
 This Boast of thine, is but a *Gasconade* :

^a *A Character in Homer, of an Ill-natur'd, Deform'd Villain; which Mr. Pope has thus Translated:*

Aw'd by no Shame, by no Respect controul'd,
 In Scandal busie, in Reproaches bold:
 Spleen to Mankind his Envious Heart possest,
 And much he hated All, but most the Best.

^b *Because he Father'd the Play, and has since stood Cibber's Drub for it.*

Suc

Such vain Ambition let thy Friend controul,

Nor suffer Pride so far to swell thy Soul ;

Then have not I to Praise an equal Claim ?

And is not ARBUTHNOTT as Great a Name ?

P. Since then so flyly thou hast lent an Ear,

Whilst I, deep musing, thought no Creature near ;

Know, *Caledonian*, Thine's a simple Part,

scarce any thing but some ^a Quack-Terms of Art,

Hard Words, and Quibbles ; but 'tis I that sting,

and on the Stage ^b th' *Aegyptian Lovers* bring ;

Miss *Phæbe*, *Plotwell*, *Townley*, all are Mine,

And Sir *Tremendous* : ——— *Fossile's* only Thine :

^a See the Play ; especially *Fossile's Part*.

^b The Mummy and Crocodile.

^c Several Characters in the Play.

Compare not then with me, vain-boasting Fool !
I'll write a *Poem*, e'er thou'lt give a *Stool*.

AR. Urge not my Wrath too far, presumptuous
[Loom
For at a Wrong, we *Scotchmen* kindle soon :
My ^a *Glasgow* Muse to yield to thine disdains,
And can write Poems with as little Pains.
Defects thou dost observe in Human-kind ;
But to Thy Own, art, like thy HOMER, blind.

P. Go, Doctor, go ; thy Patients Pulses feel,
Handle the Syringe, or in Purges deal :
The Muses dwell not in thy Northern Air ;
And Poetry's an *Itch* not catching there.
But cease ; for should I give my Choler vent,
Thou might'st thy Rashness, but too late, repent

^a The Doctor was of that University.

In my keen Satires handed thro' the Town,
 With Shame and Madness, hang thy self, or drown.
 Not BUTTON'S Wits from my Lampoons are free,
 And Thou, and BLACKMORE are but ^a Worms to me.

AR. Such Arrogance, ye Gods! what Man can bear?
 *I could — but ah! thou art not worth my Care.

[* *Laying his Hand on his Sword.*

This, by thy Death, would gain but small Renown:
 Yet from yon Casement will I fling thee down,
 Beat out thy Brains, and give Old Nick his Due,
 Unless for Pardon thou dost quickly sue:
 Vain Pigmy! thou might'st prove, without a Joke,
 The ^bSecond ÆSOP then, whose Neck was broke.

^a He ridicul'd the Wits of Button's, in a Satire call'd
 The Worms.

^b Æsop had his Neck broke. Vid. *His Life*.

[POPE *aside.*
 I'll sooth his Rage ; his Cheek with Anger glows ;
 Th' Odds are against me, should we come to Blow
 To AR.] I was to blame ; forgive me, gentle Scot,
 Why should POPE differ with his ARBUTHNOTT ?
 Thoughtful and anxious for our first Essay,
 I lost my Reason, and took Thee for GAY.

AR. Then let's embrace ; for I have often try'd,
 That *Lunatics* and *Wits* are near ally'd.
 But say, What News ? Our Fate I long to hear,
 Tho' for the *Play*, there's little room to fear.

P. 'Tis^a now the Hour, if my Watch says right
 When weary'd Actors bid their Friends Good-night

^a *Nine of the Clock.*

ark! by the Noise, the *Drama* should be done,
he Coaches rattle, and the Footmen run.

ee! yonder JOHNNY comes with eager Pace!

AR. I wish his Looks portend us no Disgrace.

Enter GAY.

P. JOHNNY, what News?

G. My Grief scarce lets me tell!

ut you may guess that Matters don't go well.

AR. Is the *Play* damn'd? They could not be so dull!

G. 'Tis Fact, *Messieurs!* and yet the House was full!

you're such Scepticks, and the Truth would know,

o Mrs. OLDFIELD, or to CIBBER go.

P. Death to my Hopes!

AR. Come, let us hear the worst;

Wits ill-fated, we are not the first.

G. Betimes, the better to conceal my Face,

th' *Eighteen-Penny Row* I chose a Place;

Whence,

Whence, unobserv'd, I might attend the *Play*,
 And the loud Criticks of the *Pit* survey.
 So vast a Throng took up the spacious Round,
 Scarce for a Mouse, or * You, had Room been found
 Heroes and Templers here were mix'd with Wits,
 [* To Pope
 There Bawds and Strumpets, with a Group of Cits
 Rang'd in each Box were seen th' Angelick Fair,
 Whose Footmen had since *Two* been posted there.
 Round me I gaz'd with Wonder and Delight,
 And wish'd that this had been the *Poet's Night*.

AR. It promis'd well.

G. It did ; but mark the End :

What boots a *Croud*, unless that *Croud's* your Friend
 The *Prologue* finish'd, in the ^a Doctor came,
 And with him, Hand in Hand, ^b th' intriguing Dam

^a Fossile.

^b Mrs. Townley.

lent a while th' attentive *Many* fate,
 the Men were hush'd, the Women ceas'd their Chat:
 but soon a Murmur in the *Pit* began,
 and thence all round the *Theatre* it ran;
 the Noise increasing as along it mov'd,
 grew loud at last, and to a *Hiss* improv'd.
 For Wit, nor Humour, could their Rage appease,
Linket and *Plotwell* strove in vain to please;
 each smutty Phrase, and ev'ry cutting Line,
 was thrown away, and lost, like Pearls on Swine:
 Some Females only (to the good old Cause
 true Friends, I a'ween) gave Tokens of Applause.
 Mean while, conceal'd, I sweating fate, as when
 a *Bagnio* stew'd; and thought Three Hours Ten;
 a greater Pain than Wight besieg'd by *Duns*,
 or trembling Soldier, who the *Gantlet* runs.

A Word much us'd by Mr. Gay, in his *Shepherd's Week*.

P. Then I'll henceforth shake Hands with Wit and
And ^a *Ballad-Writer* from this Date commence. [Sense]

Ar. Henceforth my Paper I'll reserve for *Bills*,
And in my Labours wrap my *Gilded Pills*!

P. Have I for this, ye Gods! for this, been crown'd
So Young with Lawrel, and so long Renown'd?
Made Lords and Ladies to my ^b Works subscribe,
Now to be damn'd by such a noisy Tribe?

Ar. Have I for this almost renounc'd my Art,
And of my Patients lost the greatest Part?
Better I had turn'd Quack, and kept a Stage,
Than toil'd and writ for such a senseless Age!

P. But hold; we must not thus our Hopes give o'er
The fam'd ^c *Rehearsal* had this Fate before:

^a *The Court Ballad was writ immediately after.*

^b *His Homer.*

^c *The First Time the Rehearsal was Acted, it was hiss'd.*

Experience tells, 'tis not a Thing so New,
 For most to damn what's understood by few ;
 Those who dislik'd our *Crocodile* and *Mumm*,
 In Two Nights more may to their Relish come :
 Mean while from sinking to preserve our Play,
 To pack an *Audience* is the surest way ;
 For this Performance Patrons must be sought ;
 Let these but clap, their Seats shall cost them nought ;
 The rest, asham'd to hiss, will change their Noise :
 As Ducks in Ponds are taken by Decoys.

G. To find out Patrons asks no mighty Pain :

Not far from hence, there is a noted Lane,
 Where *Darby Captains* ev'ry Night abound,
 For Want of Valour, and of Pence renown'd :
 These I'll engage ; and that they may not fail,
 Bribe them with *Mutton-Chops*, and *Pots of Ale*.

* It is well known they did so.

P. To Morrow to the *Park* my Course I steer,
 Where good Duke *Humphry's* Guests dine half the Year
 If there are Charms in *Pudding*, *Beef*, and *Wine*,
 Fear not; that famish'd Crew shall rival Thine.

Ar. Your sev'ral Methods, Brethren, I commend
 At such a Pinch, what's matter who's our Friend?
 With *Tarts* and *Cheese-cakes* to the Schools I'll run,
 Secure some Boys; and then the Thing is done.

P. Haste then, dear GAY, my other Heart's Delight
 Make sure your *Sharpers* for to Morrow Night:
 But first to *OLDFIELD*, and to *BICKNEL* go,
 And give our Service, ^a as full well you know;
 Smoke how the Multitude's Contempt they bear,
 Assuage their Anger, and appease the Fair;
 Whilst at Friend^b *BERNARD'S* we our Doom console
 And drown our Sorrows in a cheerful Bowl.

[*Exeunt*]

^a Having been formerly us'd to such Errands.

^b Mr. Lintott's House in Fleet-street.

S C E N E II.

The Green Room at the PLAY-HOUSE.

Mrs. OLDFIELD. BICKNEL.

Oldf. BICKNEL, it is resolv'd ; thy Arts give o'er ;
 or from this Night, I tread the Stage no more :
 I'm liv'd and insulted ! — Never, by my Soul,
 I tread it more ! I'd sooner go and stroll.

B. Do not, good Sister, thus your Friends forsake,
 or if you leave our House, we all shall break :
 This Theatre will dwindle ev'ry Day,
 and scarce our Profits for the Candles pay,
 avert, ye Gods ! such Fate from *Drury-Lane* :
 or to keep WILKS we then should strive in vain ;
 malicious^a RICH would in our Loss delight,
 and 'twould be Nuts to ROGERS and to KNIGHT.

^a *Master of the other Play-House.*

O. In Market fam'd for *Hay*, a House full high,
 With Sashes bright, and Wainscot Rooms have I,
 Rich Beds, and Damask Chairs (I thank my Stars
 And Cabinets are there with China Jars.
 What hinders then, but I enjoy my Store,
 As famous BRACEGIRDLE has done before?
 (Mock'd by Spectators, and by Poets crost)
 And quit the Scenes where all my Glory's lost?

B. Believe thy BICKNEL, who thy Grief partake
 So small a Slur, too great Impression makes :
 I too was hiss'd, whom oft the self-same Crowd
 Has seen with Raptures Dance, and clapt so loud,
 Yet I'll act on, nor mind this Night's Disgrace,
 And, spite of Criticks, dare to show my Face.

~~Oldf.~~ Ill-judging Beauties (tho' of high Degree)
 Why did you force this wretched Part on me?

h, and Thou, a fat *Baroness*, with Cheeks so Red,
e I, whence came this Maggot in thy ancient Head?
ars h! that I had (with BOOTH and WILKS combin'd)
bdurate as at first, not chang'd my Mind!
t, since I could not from the Task be freed,
ad mimick'd Lady M——N, not Mrs. M——D.
B. Who'd rage and fret to hear a Rabble hiss,
? take the Frowns of those *Cockards* amiss?
or the *Beau Monde* contemns the roaring Boys,
take and never joins with their infernal Noise.
esides, O think, in thy full Beauty's Pride,
vd that Pity 'twere, a Form like Thine to hide:
oud of Kings and Heroes I have often read,
ce, who, sick of Worldly Pomp, to Cells have fled;
ce. at, one Example on the Stage produce,
hen Actress in her Prime, e'er turn'd Recluse.

^a Lady M——n.

^b The Gentlemen of the Army.

O. How frail is Woman ! and how quickly break
 The firm Resolves, and solemn Vows she makes !
 At thy Persuasion, Girl, I will not quit,
 Tho' us'd so ill by *Galleries* and *Pit* :
 But if to serve that Envious ^a Urchin's Spight,
 I stand the Brunt of such another Night,
 May *OLDFIELD* be the Sport of *Grubstreet* Bards,
 At *Ombre* always lose, and curse the Cards.

B. What if a Present then should tempt your Mind
 (To Presents few are Proof of Womankind :)
 Should the Three Poets raise a pretty Sum,
 And with full Purse, in humble Manner come ;
 If on the Store you chanc'd to cast your Eye,
 O cou'd you, cou'd you Then, their Suit deny ?

O. In Gold there's wond'rous Eloquence, I grant
 Gold can break Prisons, and debauch a Saint ;

^a Mr. Pope.

eak
 s!
 e stubborn Hearts against the Grain comply ;
 ce nothing's Proof to't then, ah ! how should I ?
 t hark ! who's entring here ? I'll run away ;
 r by the clumfie Tread it should be GAY.
 at, manage You, and bring them to our Lure,
 r me a Present, and your self secure ;
 e tell him, we are from our Promise freed ;
 ere's nothing to be done, unless they bleed.

[*Ex.* OLDFIELD.]

Enter GAY.

B. to *Oldf.*] Trust to my Art.
 G. At both my Friends Request,
 come, fair BICKNEL, e'er you go to Rest.
 B. For what, good Sir ?
 G. To give our Thanks, tho' poor,
 or that kind Part which in our *Play* you bore.

D

B. In.

B. Indeed !

G. Ne'er trust me else.

B. 'Tis wond'rous civil ;

But would your Friends and you were at the De

G. How, Madam !

B. Nay, 'tis Truth ; you need not stare !

My Sister OLDFIELD will the same declare.

I'll warrant now, you wonder why we fret,

Nor know the Treatment which this Night we m

G. Your Pardon, Fair One ; yes, indeed, I kno

Th' ungente Mob was somewhat Rude, or so :

Is't That you mean ?

B. And is that nothing, pray ?

To morrow Night let who will act your *Play*.

For she your *Townley*, and your *Clinket* I,

(Thanks to our Stars !) have other Fish to fry.

[Going]

G. Ho

G. *Holding her.*] Hold, Madam, hold ! you'll have
 [Regard, I hope,
 not to me, to ARBUTHNOTT and POPE,
 ofe mighty Names !

Dev. B. Why, what are they to me ?

ce more, I say, *Old Nick* take all the *Three*.

hand me, Fool !

G. O smooth those angry Brows !

, vail on OLDFIELD, and our Cause espouse ;

ve m were pity *Three* such Wits at once should break,

I kn Honour, Fame, and Fortunes are at Stake.

so: B. Then, let me tell you, If you break you may,

ee *Fools well met* ; POPE, ARBUTHNOTT, and

[GAY !

save your Bacon we are not inclin'd,

ay. less to win us some Device you find.

fry. G. *musling*] Let's think— In *Pastoral* I'll make you

Goind bring you both into my *Shepherd's Week*.
 [speak,

t. Ho

For you the Swains each other shall defy,
And ^a *Hobbinol* and *Clout* their Sinews try.

B. 'Twon't do.

G. If you have Male or Female Foes,
These ^b *Sawney* shall lampoon, I'll challenge Those

B. Our Quarrels to revenge, nor him to write,
Nor want we, valiant Sir, your self to fight.

G. The ^c *Northern Poet* shall your Doctor be,
Cure all your Pains, and never take a Fee;
With skilful Hand, shall save, whene'er you wed,

The Midwife's Charge, and bring you both to Bed

B. Nay, if you're sawcy, look, there lies the Door,
Begone, rash Clown, and see my Face no more.

G. O name the Charm, and do not, do not go! [Going]

B. Then, to deal frankly, there's but one I know

^a *Two of his Shepherds.*

^b *Mr. Pope.*

^c *Dr. Arbuthnott.*

G. What can that be?

B. What? Are you then so dull!

With so much Wit, has GAY so thick a Scull?

I'll speak plain *English* then; We must be bought;

If his'd we are, we'll not be his'd for nought:

With far less Risque, and likelier much to pass,

She can act ^a *Shore*, or I, the ^b *Northern Lass*.

Something on ^c *Willis* too were well bestow'd,

Or she'll not break her Back with such a Load;

The Desk to carry once for her's enough;

And so it is for us to speak your Stuff.

Unless those Arts you try, all else will fail;

And Guineas, Guineas only, can prevail.

[*Ex. BICKNEL.*]

^a Jane Shore, a Part Mrs. Oldfield performs excellently.

^b Another Part Mrs. Bicknel is famous for.

^c The Maid that carries Clinket's Desk.

GAY *solus.*

There croakt a Raven in that dismal Voice :
 What to resolve on now ? 'Tis *Hobson's* Choice.
 Severe Decree ! These Women sure are Jews !
 How will my Friends receive the dismal News ?
 With them how Matters stand, I partly know,
 And sure I am, with me that Stock is low.

O that, contented with my Servile State,
^a At some Bufet I still had held a Plate !
 Or, not attempting Things beyond my Reach,
^b With Honest AARON HILL improv'd the *Beech* !
 Well ! to the Wits at BERNARD's strait I'll run ;
 Unless He helps, by G——, we're all undone.

[*Exit.*^a See the Key to Three Hours, &c.^b Mr. Gay's *History*.

SCENE

SCENE III.

LINTOTT's House.

ARB. POPE, CIBBER, LINTOTT:

Cib. Well, Gentlemen, since I'm uncas'd and free,
In Pastboard you'll no more imprison me.

You may your *Fossile* make of Honest ^a BEN,

And turn my ^b Rival to a Beast again:

But I'll no *Mummy* be, to make you laugh;

Nor shall you catch Old Birds, like COLL, with
[Chaff.

in twice Ten Years that I the Stage have trod,

I've worn a Thousand Habits wond'rous odd;

till, *Proteus*-like, in some New Form appear'd,

but never in my Life was yet so jeer'd:

^a *Mr.* Johnson.

^b *Mr.* Penkethman.

With

With ^a Hieroglyphicks on my Back and Breast
 Embroider'd o'er! why, fure you were possest.
 In former Ages, no such motly Piece,
 Was known to Antient *Italy* or *Greece* :
 Here bawdy Prose, and there of Verse a Scrap;
 How could you dream the Company would clap?
^b Such Monsters breeds your *Nile* (the Learned say)
 One Half is Frog, and t'other Half is Clay.

Ar. Be not, good CIBBER, on your Friends so smart
 The *Drama* was compos'd with wond'rous Art:
 The *Author's* not in fault, for all your haste;
 The Play was damn'd; but the Town's want of
 Twice more to Act, O do not then refuse! [Taste]
^c And some small Freedoms with your self excuse.

^a See the Scene between Mummy, Crocodile, and Townley

^b Herodotus, and many other Accounts of *Egypt*.

^c See, in the Key, what a Property they make of Cibber.

C. Those Freedoms I'd forgive, if mixt with Sense,
 And pass a Jest, tho' at my own Expence;
 But stupid Satire, who alive can bear,
 That writes himself, or does *Toledo* wear?
 Urge me no more ; against the Stream you drive;
 My *Bulls and Bears* I would as soon revive.

P. If I remember well, this many a Day,
 Thou, COLLY, on the Stocks hast had a *Play*;
 Come, let thy Talent lye no longer hid,
 All to Perfection bring ^b the mighty *Cid* :
 So shall thy Fame increase, and eke thy Store,
 Altho' thy Scenes have been condemn'd before.
 In *Buskins* I'll equip thy *Tragick Muse*,
 And SHAKESPEAR shall himself his Credit lose :

^a A Farce of Mr. Cibber's.

^b A French Tragedy of Corneille's, Translated by Mr. Cib-
 ber. Vide Key.

For these damn'd *Criticks*, we'll not care a Rush,
And make ev'n ^a TAMERLANE, and ^a CATO blush.

C. aside.] Pernicious Tempter! what a Bait is there!
Shall COLLY then once more the *Buskin* wear?
What stubborn Mind such Proffers can resist?
And at that Price, who would not dare be his'd?

To Pope.] The *Cid* indeed I ventur'd to Translate,
But for my Hero, fear'd ^b *Perolla's* Fate:
Then since this Matter thou hast mov'd to me,
Thou shalt for once my Supervisor be;
For, ALEXANDER, if I know thee right,
Thou hast of late mistook thy Talent quite:
A Giant often proves a rank Pultroon,
And ev'ry Pigmy is not born Buffoon:

^a *Two Excellent Tragedies of Mr. Rowe's, and Mr. Addison's.*

^b *Perolla and Izadora. A Tragedy by Mr. Cibber.*

Yet who can tell, altho' thy *Farce* is vile,
How Folks may like thy ^a *Sophoclean* Stile?

P. 'Twas I that made the ^b King of Men to speak
Far better in our Tongue, than HOMER'S *Greek*;
And taught the ^c *Pelian* Chief to rant and swear
In *English*, with a much more Martial Air:
Doubt not then, if thou our Friend wilt be,
But I'll do Justice to CORNEILLE and *Thee*,
And e'er it's long, on some auspicious Night,
Thy ^d *Hans en Kelder* Poem bring to light.

C. I yield, I yield, my stubborn Heart's o'ercome,
No longer Proof to such a Sugar-plumb.
In ^e *Swadling-Clouts* once more I'll stand the Shock,
And Rival for your fakes my Brother *Croc*;

^a *Tragick Stile* ; from Sophocles, the Greek Tragedian.

^b Agamemnon.

^c Achilles.

^d A Dutch Phrase, for a Child in the Mother's Belly.

^e See the Scene of Mummy and Crocodile.

Tho' ev'ry Critick could out-hiss a Snake,
And louder Noise than ^a MILTON'S Devils make,

Lint. Good Mr. CIBBER, if it be no Crime,
Let me your Copy pray bespeak in Time :

And if you crowd among your *Tragick* Stile,

A little *Humour*, that will make one smile,

(I found that Want, in ^b *Phædra* once before)

No Brother of the *Prefs* shall give you more :

For who in ^c *Fleetstreet*, or in ^c *Warwick Lane*,

Rewards like me, the Labours of the Brain ?

^c C. I thank thee, BERNARD, that's a Point of weight

Which, if I thrive, we'll argue *tête à tête*.

Mean while, I'll serve your Cause the best I can,

And keep my Brethren steady to a Man.

[Exit CIBBER]

^a See Milton's *Paradise Lost*.

^b Mr. Lintott *dislik'd* *Phædra* for want of *Humour*.

^c Places famous for Printers.

P. Damn'd Blockhead ! not to see so plain a Bite !

ke, mend his Play ! — I will as soon go fight :

Tis good, however, to amuse, him thus,

And make the Fool believe he's one of Us ;

To help our Purpose, let him do his best,

By G——, I'll serve him as I serv'd the rest.

Ah ! here comes Brother GAY !

Enter GAY.

Arb. As pale as Death ;

sweating big Drops, and almost out of Breath !

P. The Matter ? I'm in Pain !

A. I long to hear !

G. Nay, we're undone, the Case, my Friends, is

Worse Tidings now I bring you than before ; [clear ;

IBBE OLDFIELD and BICKNEL vow they'll act no more.

A. Can this be true ?

G. True, as my Name is GAY,

Unless you bleed, and for the Favour pay.

Damn P. Damn'd

P. Damn'd mercenary Jilts !

A. I would bestow,
If that might serve, a Pair of Gloves, or so.

G. That Bounty, Sir, I fear, will not succeed,
Of *Guineas*, not of *Gloves*, they stand in need.

P. *as going*] I'll go my self, and bring the Gipsies over

G. You may your *Namesake* bring as soon to *Dover*
What Man could speak, was by your *JOHNNY* spoke
But all he said, alas ! was turn'd to Joke.

BICKNEL, that Devil ! for the rest were fled,
Pronounc'd the dreadful Words, and struck me dead

LINTOTT *aside*.]
a I've bought their *Copy* ! How my Heart does ache
Pity, ye Gods ! if he says true, I break !

a 'Tis said, he paid *Fifty Guineas* for it.

P. What

P. What's to be done?

G. I, for my part, am poor,
 have clear'd my Lodgings, and my Ale-house Score.

A. Next Spring I take at *Glasgow* my Degrees,
 and for this Twelve-month past, have had no Fees.

POPE *aside to GAY, and ARB.*]

Ah! had that cursed HOMER sold but well,
 might have squeez'd from Him a little Spell.

There's nothing for't but that; and yet I'll try:

BERNARD, 'tis You that must the Purse unty.

L. I'll tye a Rope about my Neck as soon;

O, Gentlemen, 'tis not with me full Moon.

G. But Forty Pieces; 'tis a Sum so small,

the Poet's *Night* will make Amends for all.

A. Do, gentle BERNARD, 'tis a *Bagatelle*.

L. Zoons! why the Play will neither Act, nor Sell.

P. Un-

P. Ungrateful Man ! ^a *Fame's Temple*, call to mind
 My ^a *Forest*, ^a *Rape*, and *Satires on Mankind* ;
 Think, how by These thou hast increas'd thy Store
 L. Look on your HOMER, there, behind the Door
 Thou little dream'st what Crowds I daily see,
 That call for ^b TICKELL, and that spurn at Thee
 Neglected there, your Prince of Poets lyes,
 By DENNIS justly damn'd,^c and kept for Pyes.
 Alas ! his Outside I enrich in vain,
 And by the Gilding, Custom hope to gain :
 With some dull Fop, perhaps, the Book may pass,
 And help to make a Show in Case of Glass.
 But your fam'd Heroes, with their warlike Bands,
 Grace the same Shelf where OGILBY now stands,
 And rot on mine, or on Subscribers Hands.

^a *Several Poems of Mr. Pope's.*

^b *He Translated the First Book of the Iliad.*

^c *Dennis's Remarks upon Pope's Homer.*

Ar. Is **BERNARD** grown so hard then, to be struck?

Sure some ^a *She-Wolf*, or *Tygres* gave thee suck!

P. Sure thou wert born, O Man renown'd for *Print*,

^a *Stratford-Stony*, or in *Shire of Flint*!

L. For all your *Puns*, I shall not at this Age,

turn ^b *Bedlam* Commoner, or ^b *Gotham* Sage :

you may with **CURL** your Quarrel now repent,

or else to him you might for Help have sent :

that he with *Ballads* will debauch the Town,

and cloud your small Remainder of Renown.

Your *quondam* Vogue is now for ever lost ;

as sure as on my Sign *Two Keys* are cross'd.

^a See Mr. Cobb's Tripos. It was not thought improper to
make the Poet pun here ; he having done it in the Play.

^b A Madman, or a Fool.

Ev'n ^a T——R, whom you call *Senseless Drone*,
Trusts to your Comedy, to save his own.

Enter Boy, with a Footman.

Boy. This Footman wants to speak with Mr. P.

P. Bid him advance: Some kind Relief, I hope.
Who come you from?

Footm. Three Ladies known full well;
Their Names are ^b G——N, B——NE, L——P——
This Purse of Gold, and Letter, Sir, they send.

P. O my good Stars! — Pray wait a little, Friend [Gives the

^a The Author of *The Artful Husband*, which succeeded

^b See *The Court Ballad*.

Reads.]

Sir,

*Your Wit, by noisy Fools ill understood,
We thank you for, and deem it wond'rous good :
The Turns are fine, the Repartees are smart,
And smutty Jests hook'd in with wond'rous Art ;
Tho' not, indeed, in cleanest Linnen wrapt,
They pleas'd our Fancies, and by us were clapp'd.
We partly guess'd what's what some time before ;
But your kind Lessons have improv'd us more :
Then pray accept this little Purse of Gold,
And let us be among your Friends enroll'd.*

*You, and your Brethren, we'll be glad to see,
In Street call'd Gerrard, when we drink our Tea.*

P. What Harmony sounds here in ev'ry Line!
And how these Guineas chink ! and how they shine !

To the Footman. }

Here, Friend, take This ; commend me to the *Dames*,
And for this Bounty, ^a I'll record their Names.

[*Exit Man.*

To LINTOTT. }

LINTOTT, henceforth you print my Works no more.

L. Command me, Sir, my Wife, and all my Store!
Forgive your BERNARD, and you ne'er shall want
Wine, Guineas, nor Tit-bits most Elegant :
Nay, to my Suit a pitying Ear incline,
I'll put your *Head* up, and take down my *Sign*.

^a *So he did in the Court Ballad presently after.*

P. This time thou'rt pardon'd, on a double Score,
Much for thy Treats, but for thy Guineas more.

To GAY, giving him Gold.]

JOHNNY, with these to morrow haste betimes,
When first the Morning Sun th' Horizon climbs;

Secure each Actress; for, when Speeches fail,

Will with the Sex these Arguments prevail:

At thy Return, the Yellow Boys we'll share,

Look out for Friends, and to our Posts repair.



EPILOGUE.

EPILOGUE.

Well, Sirs, what think you? will this Poem take?
Or must the Author, and the Players break

At our Conclusion, tho' perhaps you smil'd,
Methinks, 'twas better than the ^a Tar and Child.

Full Six long Nights, I've lately known you sit,

And pay your Money for as little Wit:

You curst, 'tis true, the Poets want of Sense,

They lost their Credit; but they got your Pence.

Next, to the Fair we must for Pardon sue;

Perhaps here was not Smut enough for You;

For, maugre all that Modesty you boast,

The plainest-speaking Muse You favour most.

Henceforth, Gallants, with Scandal cease to load

The Nymphs that make the Hundreds their Abode.

What Converts may not VENUS hope to gain,

When Virgins thus improve in Drury-Lane?

^a See the last Act of Three Hours after Marriage.

A Congratulatory POEM; Inscribed
to Mr. GAY, on his Valour and Success be-
hind Drury-Lane Scenes.

Sing the Man who bravely shows
 His Courage 'gainst a Host of Foes!
 So full of Fury, he'll resent
 What ne'er for Injury was meant.
 We oft have read in Ancient Story,
 Of Heroes, who would fight for Glory;
 Their Fortune try in Bloody Field,
 And rather chuse to dye than yield:
 But never heard of Poetafter,
 Whose Courage brought into Disaster.
 But now our Modern Bards can fight
 As Bravely, as they Wisely write,
 And dare, to show that they're stout-hearted,
 Draw Sword, when certain to be parted.
 But JOHNNY GAY's the Bravest Mind;
 The War proclaims 'gainst all Mankind,
 And does to his Assistance call
 Little wise POPE, the Devil and all.

As

As when a Lame Man, and a Blind,
 To Beg together are inclin'd,
 The one, the other's Want supplies;
 This finds the Legs, and That the Eyes:
 So these our worthy Bards accord,
 POPE finds the Pen, and GAY the Sword;
 And may for SATIRE, and for COURAGE,
 B' esteem'd the Champions of our Age.
 'Tis true, they had a damn'd Miscarriage,
 In their THREE HOURS AFTER MARRIAGE.
 When kindly thinking to delight us,
 They brought on Monsters, to affright us,
 Wonders from *Ægypt*, and from *Nile*,
 A *Mummy*, and a *Crocodile*.
 Th' expecting Audience had hope,
 Amidst the Monsters to've seen POPE:
 So good a Jest how could they 'scape,
 The Town would think't some merry *Ape*,
 Dress'd up in Masquerading Show,
 To represent an awkward Beau.
 Some People think most POPES are Evil:
 But all agree, this POPE's the Devil.
 Then, GAY, be kind, and cease to teize;
 Forbear to Write, or learn to Please.

F I N I S.



OVID

I N

M A S Q U E R A D E.

B E I N G,

A Burlesque upon the xiiith
Book of His *Metamorphoses*,
containing the Celebrated
SPEECHES of AJAX and
ULYSSES.

Designed for the Entertainment of those who
had rather Laugh and be Merry, than
be Merry and Wise.

Omne Supervacuum pleno de pectore manat, Hor.

All Whims, and quaint Conundrums drain,
From Maggots crawling in the Brain.

By Mr. JOSEPH GAY.

L O N D O N:

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containing the Celebrated
SPRINGS of Aja and
ULYSS



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had rather than
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All Whimsy
from Major

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PREFACE.

A Book that ventures into the World at this Time of Day, looks as awkward without a Preface, as a Ratt-catcher upon *Change* without his Badges of Honour, and truly (tho' say it) a Modern Author has as hard a Time 't, as the Gyants of old, that came into the World almost for nothing else but to be knock'd the Head, and to raise the Reputation of some other valiant and victorious Knight Errant; and so the old Gyants were stout, sturdy, Steel-in'd Rogues, some vomiting Fire, others having two or three Heads, some arm'd with enchanted Swords, and others with Impenetrable Coats of Mail, yet we read of some knights that would Spit two or three of these rubbers in a Morning before Breakfast, and no Knight ever receiv'd a Foil, except the renowned

P R E F A C E.

nown'd *Don Quixot* and that was more by reason of his Mistake, than his want either of Strength or Courage.

The Modern Criticks are as Merciless as the ancient Knights, tho' (by the bye) the Modern Authors are not half so well provided with Armour, and some of these poor Animals have a parlous Fray, with a full half dozen of 'em before he comes off; Many are over-power'd, and forc'd to Sink beneath the Weight; and at best their Faults are so much expos'd to publick view, that they had much better have continued Silent.

But what's all this to the Purpose, some peevish Reader may perhaps say; Why, by shewing the cruelty of our Adversaries, I am pleading my own Cause, I have as much need to cry *Peccavi* as any body, but only 'tis a dishonourable Thing to bawl out for Quarter before any Enemy appears in view, and besides, I have the advantage of Skulking behind the Scenes, and playing least in Sight, in Time of greatest Danger.

And now Gentle Reader, I might point out several Places in this Poem, that I justly might like; But the Places that displease me, added to those that may in all probability do the same to you, would without doubt rise to a very Considerable Number, and therefore, I think it best for me not to speak any Thing to it's Disparagement, and if any Body with a safe Conscience can say any good of it, I assure him he's heartily Welcome.

P R E F A C E.

As for the Subject, perhaps I was unfortunate in chusing this Part of OVID above all others, for in my Mind 'tis much more difficult to keep up the Spirit and Mirth of Burlesque in long uninterrupted set Speeches, such as OVID's, than in most other Parts, (which I have hitherto observ'd) of other Authors.

As for the mentioning Modern Names of Places, &c. As 'tis not a Translation, nor Paraphrase, but only an Imitation, I have the more liberty to deviate from my Author, and if I sometimes leave him, and Reason, Wit and Judgement out of Sight, at the same Time; I doubt not but the Courteous Reader will pardon me in my first Offence of this Kind, I might easily excuse my self (in some measure) by telling the World, that *Pegasus* is too unruly and headstrong for my weak Arm to govern; but only it would presently be retorted back again in way of Answer.

Who the Devil bid you Mount.

So that 'tis e'en best to stand it out. The World knows not who to Fight against. I am hid behind the Curtain, and can have the advantage of *ÆNEAS*'s Cloud in a literal sense, to stand undiscernable and invulnerable, if the Darts and Arrows of ill-dispos'd People, were to fly about my Ears, as thick as Wasps or Hornets about a Countryman's, when he is foraging in their Territories.

As for any Thing besides, that may be objected, I shall not much regard it, It was writ out of a Maggot, when I had little better

P R E F A C E.

better Business to Employ my Time about. I have made old OVID tell divers Things, which probably never once enter'd into his Thoughts, and if ULYSSES and AJAX were to rise up in their Winding Sheets, and read their SPEECHES, it would make them blush as black as King CHARLES's Horse at *Charing-Cross*.

I assure Thee Courteous Reader I have writ till I am heartily weary, and whatever you may think, I consult my own Ease little less than thy Satisfaction, and therefore once for all I bid thee Adieu.

JOSEPH GAY.

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OVID



O V I D
I N
M A S Q U E R A D E.

The ARGUMENT.

IN Ancient Times the Leacher Paris
Aboard his rotten Trojan Wherries,
With Knights and Captains some Seventeen-a
Skull'd o're directly for Mycæna,
And there (to make my Story short)
Was Nobly entertain'd at Court ;

But like a Villain proud and shameless,
He play'd a trick that shall be Nameless,
By basely taking an Occasion
To slip into the Conversation,
Of th' Oldest, Wither'd Punk i'th' Nation.

What then does th' ugly Toothless Gypsie,
But into Trojan Lighters Whips ye,
And did both Sails and Oars Employ,
To reach the Sandy Coasts of Troy.

Her Cuckold Rants, and Roves, and Mutters,
And Swears, and Stares, and Raves, and Sputters,
And from Coasts distant Jove knows whither,
Call's all his Horned Mates together ;

The ARGUMENT.

To her each comes Rowing in his Skull-
-Er to Fight Trojans for the Trull!
Which Paris with a Pox had married,
When her from Grecian Coasts he carried.
A thousand well built Boats and Gallies,
In the Capacious Port of Aulis,
Conspir'd to Trap the Fornicator,
Alive or Dead by Land or Water.

Thus Europe and all Asia Strove
To fetch the Cuckold Home his Love,
The Centaurs kick'd down Stools, and Benches
And broke their Shins to save their Wenches,
The Romans ventur'd thus their Lives,
And box'd their Fathers for their Wives.

The Greeks did Ten long Years employ,
To gain a Country Town call'd Troy;
And many a Lad, and many a Lass,
By turns endur'd a Fatal Pass,
Whilst others, rather than fall Martyrs,
Most Stoutly shew'd their hinder Quarters,
And so procur'd Immortal Glory,
Like Tobit's Hound, in Sacred Story.

'Mongst whom the Lathback'd Loon Achilles,
(As ancient Grecian Stories tell us)
Was by his Foes slic'd all to Fritters,
In middle of his Amorous Twitters.

But left his Spurs, and Boots, and Breeches,
To be the Subject of these SPEECHES.

THE



THE
SPEECHES
OF
AJAX and *ULYSSES*.

¹ **T**HE roaring Dons of *Greece* sat down
Like Cross-leg'd Taylors on the Ground,
² Whilst poultry Ragamuffians stand,
With Bodies bow'd, and Caps in Hand :
³ *Ajax*, mean-while, in Fight well skill'd,
When aided with old Basket-hilt,
Like a great Tun, came tumbling thither,
See'ng Folks engag'd by th' Ears together ;
⁴ And rolling round his glaring Saucers,
'Twixt Hawk and Buzzard, bellows, Oh Sirs !

There lye the Cock-boats, Skulls and Lighters,
That sail'd from *Aulis* fill'd wi' Fighters ;

-
- ¹ Confedere Duces ———
² ——— Et vulgi stante Corona ———
³ Surgit ad hos Clypei dominus Septemplicis *Ajax*.
⁴ ——— Sigæia torvo,
Littora prospexit, classemque in littore vultu.

B

1 Then

2 *The Speeches of AJAX and ULYSSES.*

- 1 Then holding up his gouty Paws,
To *Jove*, he cries, I urge my Cause----
- 2 And shall that cow'rdly Rogue *Ulysses*,
Whose skill in Battles not worth this is,
And with the Fright himself *be-pisses* ;
Shall such a Scoundrel Wretch as he,
In feats of Arms be nam'd wi' me ?
- 3 Who durst not step to stem the Tide,
When *Hector* bang'd us back and side :
And had I not stood up to hinder,
H'had burnt these Boats of ours to Tinder.
- 4 But there's less Danger, he supposes,
In breaking Jests, than bleeding Noses ;
Or he would ne'er pretend to budge else,
At sight of Quarter-staves or Cudgels.
- 5 But tho' I be renown'd in Fight,
Whose Name's enough to make him *Sh---e* ;
- 6 His flatt'ring Speeches oft prevail,
And make me silently turn Tail.
- 7 But there's no need, my merry *Greeks*,
To tell long Stories of my Freaks ;

1 Intendensque manus ; agimus, proh Jupiter ! inquit
Ante rates Causam-----

2 -----Et mecum confertur Ulysses ?

3 At non Hectoreis dubitavit cedere flammis,
Quos ego sustinui, quos hac à classe fugavi.

4 Tutius est igitur fictis contendere verbis,
Quam pugnare manu. -----

5 -----Sed nec mihi dicere promptum,
Nec facere est isti : -----

6 -----Tantum valet iste loquendo.

7 Nec memoranda tamen vobis mea facta, Pelasgi,
Esse reor (vidistis enim) -----

BURLESQU'D.

3

Nox, that black Gypsie, could not screen 'em,
But each Man here full oft has seen 'em,
Or else I'll swear the Devil's in 'em.

3

1 Now let *Ulysses* make a Speech
(And after take't to wipe his Breech)
Of creeping through the *Grecian* Trenches,
And picking up the *Trojan* Wenches,
Till by his oft repeated Knocks,
Unhinging Doors, and picking Locks,
My Spark was pepper'd with a *Pox*.

3

2 I must confess, great Gifts I fought,
But who (the Devil) would have thought,
That such a Scandal to the Donor,
Should be my Rival in this Honour?

3 If he succeeds, he'll strut like Bustard,
And feed on Cheesecakes, Tarts and Custard,
Regardless of his *quondam* Cheer,
Of Commons short, and four small Beer.

4 Yea, even now he has his Wishes,
(Tho' dull as As, and mute as Fish lies.)
When 't shall be said without controul
That He and I walk'd Cheek by Jowl;
And, tho' he be genteelly beat; yet,
To such a Scoundrel 'twill be Credit.

1 —Sua narrat Ulysses —

Quæ sine Teste gerit, quorum Nox conscia sola est.

2 Præmia magna peti fateor; sed demit Honorem
Æmulus Ajaci —

3 —Non est tenuisse superbum
Sit licet hoc Ingens, —

4 —Quicquid speravit Ulysses.

Ipse tulit pretium jam nunc certaminis hujus

Qui cum victus erit, mecum certasse feretur. —

4 *The Speeches of AJAX and ULYSSES.*

1 Now Sirs, If any here have thought
 That, or my birth, or breeding's naught,
 Know I am Sprung from the great *Telamon*,
 Who with his double Fist would fell-a-Man :
 Who with *Alcides* Sack'd the *Trojans*,
 A Crew of Cowardly Curmudgeons ;
 Plunder'd their Cellars, Robb'd their Daries,
 And play'd great store of odd Vagaries ;
 Rub'd out their Milk-Scores, Spoil'd all in doors,
 And threw their Houses out at Windows.
 Then with stout *Jason* did he Post
 With swelling Sails from *Grecian* Coast,
 Where, by *Medea's* Art, the Witches
 Did steal away Old *Aeta's* Breeches ;
 And 'Scaping Dragons, Bulls and Dogs,
 They search'd the Linings and the Fobs ;
 And inside outwards turning Pockets ;
 Took Watches, Jewels, Rings, and Locketts ;
 And without e'er a Person Killing,
 Got many a Good *Queen Bess's* Shilling.

Then boasted (at return to *Greece*,)
 By force they'd gain'd the Golden Fleece.
 But all the truth that I could gather ;
 Th' *Young Whore* had Rob'd, th' *Old Rogue*, her Father.

-
- 1 *Atque ego, si virtus in me dubitabilis esset,
 Nobilitate potens essem, Telamone Creatus :
 Mœnia qui forti Trojana sub Hercule cepit :*
 2 *Littoraque intravit Pegasæa Colcha carinâ.*

Now

Now having made this short Digression,
My former story straight I'll press on.

1 My Father's Dad was old *Æac*,
Who makes the Silent Ghosts to quake.

2 Great *Jove* was his immortal Sire,
(Or else our Author was a Liar)
And therefore (Grandfires) in one Word,

3 Your Servant is, from *Jove*, the Third.

4 Yet ne'ertheless, begging your pardon,
I value not this Race one Farthing,
Had not *Achilles* been my Brother,
In feats of Arms just such another.

5 I therefore now request (with Tears)
His Sword, Belt, Boots, and Bandaliers.

6 But shall a Brat of *Sisyph*'s strain,
That's like his Sire (a Rogue in grain)
Carry these Trinkets of *Achilles*,
Into a foreign Island? tell us.

1 *Æacus huic Pater est : qui jura silentibus umbris,*
Reddit _____

2 *Æacon agnovit summus, prolemque fatetur*
Jupiter esse suam. _____

3 _____ *Sic à Jove tertius Ajax.*

4 *Nec tamen hæc series in causam profit Achiyi,*
Si mihi cum magno non fit communis Achille:
Frater erat, _____

5 *Fraterna peto* _____

6 _____ *Quid Sanguine cretus*
Sisyphio? furtisque & fraude similimus illi
Inferis Æacides alienæ nomina gentis?

6 *The Speeches of AJAX and ULYSSES.*

1 Or 'cause I first abandon'd dwelling,
To seek adventures, none Compelling ;
Can they in justice be deny'd me,
And giv'n to e'er a Rogue ? beside me.

2 Shall he who last came here with sadness,
Biting his Thumbs, and feigning Madness,
(Till honest *Palamede* Constrain'd him,
And with a Muck-fork almost Brain'd him
Dragg'd him along to *Troy's* Confusion)
Obtain your latest Resolution ?

3 Shall he with Sword, and Buckler Swagger,
With Musket, Bayonet, and Dagger,
Who late his Goad, and Cartwhip wav'ring,
Tag, Rag, and Bobtail was belab'ring,
Sowing his Land with Salt, appear,
Arm'd Cap-a-pee like Granadier ?
4 And would he had been Mad. 'Ods bores !
5 And ne'er had touch'd the *Trojan* Shores ;
6 Then had not *Peen's* Son behind
To barren *Lemnos* been Confin'd.

-
- 1 An quod in arma prior, nulloque sub indice veni,
Arma neganda mihi ?
2 ———Potiorque videbitur ille,
Ultima qui cepit, detrectavitque furore ;
Militiam ficto : donec solertior isto,
Naupliades animi, vitataque traxit ad arma ?
3 Optima nunc sumat, qui fumere nolluit ulla ?
4 Atque utinam verus furor ille ———
5 ———Phrygias nunquam venisset ad arces,
6 ———Non te Pæantia proles,
Expositum Lemnos ———

Nor

Nor mov'd the most obdurate Hearts,
 1 In wishing th' Rogue his due Deserts.
 2 And sure his Prayers will find relief,
 Unless the Devil himself be Deaf;
 3 Bow'd with Diseases, pin'd with Hunger,
 He's forc'd a dismal Life to linger,
 4 Whilst with *Alcides* poison'd Arrows,
 He for his sustenance shoots Sparrows.
 Those that were doom'd to pelt the *Trojans*,
 Shoot Buzzards, Cuckows, Owls and Widgeons,
 Rob'd of his Country's Beef and Bacon,
 Of all his dearest Friends forsaken :
 5 Yet does he live, (tho' Goutify'd)
 Because *Ulysses* wa'nt his Guide ?
 6 Had *Palamede* been left, vile Treason
 Had ne'er unjustly stopt his Weazon ;
 7 Nor had the Rope's remorseless strength
 Stretch'd out his Crag to such a length.
 8 But rubbing up his Mind with Sadness,
 Of's sowing Salt, and feigning Madness,
 And how this stout *Eubæan* flogger
 To make a Hero spoil'd Plow-jogger :

-
- 1 ——— Laertiadæque precaris. Quæ meruit ———
 2 ——— Quæ (si Dii sunt) non vana precaris.
 3 ——— Fractus morboque fameque ———
 4 ——— Sagittæ ——— Herculis utuntur ———
 Velaturque aliturque avibus, volucresque petendo.
 Debita Trojanis exercet spicula fatis.
 5 Ille tamen vivit, quia non comitatur Ulysses.
 6 Vellet & infelix Palamedes esse relictus,
 Viveret ; ———
 7 ——— Aut certè lethum sine Crimine haberet.
 8 Quem male convicti nimium memor iste furoris.
 Prodere rem Danaam finxit, fictumque probavit
 Crimen, ———

He

Nor

8 *The Speeches of AJAX and ULYSSES.*

He straight Equips a brace o' Villains.

Sons of the Earth, disgrac'd Postillions,
(Who for their Hire, and Masters thanks,
Would Swear, and Lye thro' Six-Inch Planks.)
These vouch'd that once his Guts being limber,
H'had sold the *Greeks* for Belly-Timber.

How Bread, and Cheese, and Eggs and Collops,
Were brought to's Tent by dirty Trollops ;
How Wings of Geese, and Legs of Capons,
Were close convey'd under their Aprons ;
Black Puddings Cramm'd into his Breeches,
So hard as almost Crack'd the Stitches.

1 And if they went with Spade and Shovel,
And digg'd behind his little Hovel,
In an old Churn they'd find good Cheer,
Hid by this knavish Privateer.

2 Thus run the *Grecian* Cheifs to ruin
Whilst he fresh Mischiefs still is brewing,
By Daggers, Ropes, and Drugs Subdueing.

3 Thus fights the brave renown'd *Ulysses*,
His strength and Policy like this is.

4 But tho' his Wit would match Old *Nestor*,
(With-which he makes this deadly pester.)

5 Can the grave Crump-back'd Don forsaken,
When well he might have sav'd his Bacon,
Be for a badge of Friendship taken :

1 ——— Et ostendit quod jam præfoderat aurum.

2 Ergo aut exilio vires subduxit Achivis,
Aut nece. ———

3 ——— Sic pugnat, sic est metuendus Ulysses.

4 Qui licet eloquio fidum quoque Nestora vincat.

5 ——— Desertum ut Nestora Crimen

Esse reat nullum : qui cum imploraret Ulysseni
Vulnere tardus equi, fessusque senilibus annis,
Proditus à socio est. ———

The Speeches of AJAX and ULYSSES. 9

His Horse being Lam'd with Thumps, and Knocks,
His Master Maim'd with Gout, and Pox,
And Compass'd round, was basely sold
By this his Bosom Friend for Gold.

1 These Crimes are known to great *Tydides*,
Whose Fame for Chivalry full wide is,
And how that in the heat of Battle,
He'ad almost broke his Strings that twattle :
Well might he bawl out 'Lysses, 'Lysses,
Was e'er a Coward so swift as this is,
When Lyon's Skin, and Fox's Tail,
That is, both Strength, and Craft do fail ;
Then by the lightness of his Crupper,
He baulk'd the Vermin of a Supper.

Thus all in hast away he scours,
Wishing a Pox on his Pursuers ;

2 Until *Old Nick* (for all his Running)
Was for his trusty Slave too cunning :
Whilst him a sturdy Rogue belabours,

3 He bauls out, dearest Friends, kind Neighbours,
(Sure never Mortal look'd so silly,)

Head, Arms, and Legs, Back, Breast and Belly, }
He swore, were beaten to a Jelly ;

4 I ran forthwith, and saw him quaking,
His very Teeth in's Codpiece shaking,

1 ——— Non hæc mihi crimina fingi
Scit bene Tydides : qui nomine sæpe vocatum
Corripuit, trepidoque fugam exprobravit amico.

2 Aspiciunt oculis superi mortalia justis.

3 Conclamat socios. ———

4 ——— Adsum ; videóque tremmentem,
Pallentémque metu, & trepidantem ———

10 *The Speeches of AJAX and ULYSSES.*

The Countenance of this same Varlet,
 Was Pale as Wall, now Red as Scarlet ;
 But when the Rogue had brush'd his Jacket,
 (And Faith he did genteely thwack it,)
 I the blind Harper strait trapanning,
 Did save his Hide a second Tanning :
 Thus whilst he's cross'd, and toss'd, and tumbl'd,
 Till Bones were bruise'd, and Gizzard grumbl'd :
 1 Hid with my Jerkin he's as still,
 And full as safe as Thief in Mill ;
 2 With that, my Spark I straight uncover,
 When Storms were past, and Dangers over,
 And then a Recompence to make me,
 He fled, and bid the Devil take me.
 3 But lo the roaring *Hector* comes,
 Arm'd with long Mopstaves, Spits, and Brooms,
 Attended with his bully Roysters,
 That scoop up *Greeks*, as Men eat Oysters,
 Which horrid, strange, amazing Sight,
 Not only does *Ulysses* fright,
 But stoutest Foes themselves besh---e.
 4 Yet for all's Vapouring, and Brawling
 Of's mighty Feats, I laid him sprawling,
 And when his Partners strove to mad us,
 By hurling Stones, and Brickbats at us,

-
- 1 Opposui molem Clypei, texique jacentem ;
 2 At postquam eripui ; cui standi vulnera vires
 Non dederant, nullo tardatus vulnere fugit.
 3 Hector adest, secumque Deos in praelia ducit,
 Quaque ruit, non tu tantum terroris, Ulyse,
 Sed fortes etiam: _____
 4 Hunc ego poscentem, cum quo concurreret, unus
 Sustinui ; _____

1 With

BURLESQU'D.

11

1 With a huge Cowturd straight I fell'd him,
At which his Chums with Tears beheld him.
2 I must confess to th' Gods (*my Grecians*)
I bid you offer your Petitions,
Which made them turn their Tails, and scamper,
Not daring any more to tamper ;
Spurring each other on in hast,
And wishing Devil to take the last.

But,

3 When *Paris*, *Deiphobus*, and *Troylus*
With Fire, and Sword, and Clubs do spoil us :
And with all their Auxiliaries,
Attempt to burn the *Grecian* Wherries ;
The Fool for all his Eloquence, is,
Ready to run out of his Senses.
4 My valour sav'd your Boats from burning,
The only Hopes of your returning.
And if you my Requests deny,
Burn, Drown or Hang, next time, say I.
5 But if I may relate the Truth,
In presence of the *Grecian* Youth,
These sue to *Ajax* for acceptance,
That by great *Thetis* Son were kept once :

1 Eminus ingenti resupinum pondere fudi.

2 ——— Sortémque meam vovistis Achivi :

Et vestra valuere preces. ———

3 Ecce ferunt Troës ferrúmque, ignémque, Jovémque
In Danaas classes. Ubi tunc facundus Ulysses ?

4 Nempe ego mille meo protexi pectore puppes,
Spem vestri reditus : date tot pro navibus arma.

5 Quòd si vera licet mihi dicere, quæritur istis,
Quàm mihi, major honos : ———

12 *The Speeches of AJAX and ULYSSES.*

- 1 So *Ajax* is by Arms desir'd,
Much more than they by him requir'd.
- 2 If *Rhesus*, *Helenus* and *Dol-*
On, and the Shrine of *Pallas* stole,
By creeping thro' the *Trojan* Gutters,
When ne'er a Foe so much as mutters,
May with these Acts of mine Compare,
Let Bear fight Dog, or Dog fight Bear ;
Hereafter I shall take no care.
- 3 But there one Circumstance beside is,
Nothing is done without *Tydidēs*.
Likewise the fornicating Wight,
Acts all in covert of the Night ;
- 4 And who that worthless Wretch enriches,
Who ha'n't an Inch of P—— in's Breeches,
His better way's in Parts divide 'em,
And give the biggest to *Tydidē*. Hem !
- 5 For why should he these Arms obtain,
Who Foes does Cowardlike trapan ?
- 6 That very Helm that shines so bright,
Would spoil his secret Tricks by Night,
And shew him plain to *Trojan* Waiters
As Sheet does modern Fornicators.

-
- 1 Atque Ajax armis, non Ajaci arma petuntur.
 - 2 Conferat his Ithacus Rhesum, imbellēque Dolona,
Priamidēque Helenum rapta cum Pallade captum.
 - 3 Luce nihil gestum est, nihil est Diomede remoto.
 - 4 Si semel ista datis meritis tam vilibus arma ;
Dividite : & major pars sit Diomedis in illis.
 - 5 Quò tamen hæc Ithaco ? qui clam, qui semper inermis
Rem gerit ;
 - 6 Ipse nitor galeæ claro radiantis ab auro
Insidias prodet, manifestabitque latentem.

They'd

They'd suit him best as black as Charcoal
That's always sculking in a dark Hole :

1 Nor can this limpsy, Lathback'd Swabber,
Under so vast a Burthen labour.

2 His crazy Head, and feeble Arms,
Can ne'er uphold such massy Arms,
Bevis's Sword, or *Guy's* of *Warwick*,
Might well become a Man that's warlike ;
But basely suit so mean a Fellow,

As, or *Tom-Thumb*, or *Punchianello*,
And their great Splendour, in his Rambles,
Would quite confound his theivish Gambols ;

3 But why, Poor Wretch, would he be seeking
A Prize that will his Body weaken ;

If the mistaken zeal of *Grecians*
Sould chance to jump with his Petitions ;

No sooner would a *Trojan* Souldier

In Battle take him by the Collar ;

Than off goes Helmet, down drops Shield,
Away runs *Sancho* from the Field.

4 But if he keep, Sword, Shield, and Capon,
For fear a further brush should happen ;

1 Sed neque Dulichius sub Achillis Casside vertex
Pondera tanta feret.

2 ——— Nec, non onerosa, gravisque,
Pelias esse potest imbellibus hasta lacertis,
Nec Clypeus vasti cœlatus imagine mundi
Conveniet timidæ, natæque ad furta sinistrae.

3 Debilitaturum quid te petis, improbe, munus?
Quod tibi si populi donaverit error Achivi,
Cur spolieris, erit ; non, cur metuaris ab hoste :

4 Et fuga, (qua sola cunctos, timidissime, vincis,)
Tarda futura tibi est gestamina tanta trahenti.

14 *The Speeches of AJAX and ULYSSES.*

His Heels (his chieftest friends) will fail,
And then, nor Arms, nor Arts prevail;
That weight that presses down his Rump,
While up comes Leg, and down goes Stump:
Will make him be by Foes o'retaken,
When all his Jests won't save his Bacon.
1 Besides his Spear, his Helm, and Shield
Did never yet appear in Field,
2 Mine have endur'd a thousand blows,
From surly Rogues, and Bloody Foes:
And since, Kicks, Cuffs, and Broken Pates,
Are Heroes Portions from the Fates,
These Arms (with *Trojan* Blood imbru'd)
Require with fresh, to be renew'd.

3 Lastly to make an end of Brabbles,
And to prevent all further Squabbles,
Let them be thrown where thickest Foes
And stoutest Troops the Passage Close,
And he that (tho' *Troy's* Sons environ)
Can cut his way thro' with cold Iron,
His Prize may keep, (no mortal Snubbing)
Who Durst so boldly venture Drubbing.

4 Thus ended Speech of *Grecian* Hero,
The valiant Son of old *Rogero*;

-
- 1 Adde, quòd iste tuus, tam rarè praelia passus,
Integer est Clypeus: nostro, qui tela ferendo
2 Mille patet plagis, novus est successor habendus.
3 Denique, quid verbis opus est? ———
Arma viri fortis medios mittantur in hostes:
Indè jubete peti, & referentem ornate relatis.
4 Finierat Telamone fatus; ———

1 And

1 And ne'er a Dog durst wag his Tail,
 So much did his last Word prevail :
 Until the Bastard of *Laertes*,
 (A Crafty Youth I tell you *Certes*,)
 First lear'd, as if the Ground he ey'd,
 (To see if Hose and Shoes were ty'd)
 Then wiping snotty Snout on Sleeve,
 Begun, (My Masters by your leave,)
 2 Friends, Knights, and Aldermen, d'ye see,
 If my Desires with yours agree,
 We needed not our Bands to ruffle,
 Nor lose our Hats, or Wiggs i'th' Scuffle ;
 The great *Achilles* still had liv'd,
 His Breeches, Boots, and Spurs surviv'd ;
 And we in Justice might condole
 The hasty Flight of such a Soul,
 Tho' like victorious *Saladine*,
 He only left black Shirt behind.
 3 But since remorseless Fate denies,
 (Then puts his Fingers in his Neyes)
 Who can succeed *Achilles* better
 Than he who 'n spite of Winds and Weather,
 Did with a Vengeance force him hither.

1 ————Vulgique secutum

Ultima murmur erat : donce Laërtius heros
 Adstitit, atque oculos paulum tellure moratos

2 Si mea cum vestris valuissent vota Pelasgi,
 Non foret ambiguus tanti certaminis hæres :
 Túque tuis armis, nos te potiremur, Achille.

3 Quem quoniam non æqua mihi vobisque negarunt
 Fata (manúque simul veluti lacrymantia terfit
 Lumina) quis magno melius succedet Achilli,
 Quàm per quem magnus Danaïs successit Achilles?

16 *The Speeches of AJAX and ULYSSES.*

1 Not that he e'er a Farthing matter'd,
Because his Brains were something shatter'd ;
2 Nor does it rob me of my due,
Most mighty Sirs, to profit you,
Since Reason you did ne'er deny
From such a Loggerhead as I ;
3 And sure these Arguments I muster
For my most dear departed Master :
Nay, oftentimes before, for you Sirs,
Did profit ev'n my worst Accusers ;
And may Squire *Ketch* now stop my Weazon,
If Pride or Malice sway'd my Reason.

4 My Sire's, or Grandfire's Works well known,
Are what I shall not call my own,
Nor should I ever make a Pother,
Tho' his Forefathers were none other
Than *Hardicnute*, or *Owen Tudor*.
5 But since the Blunderbus has strove
To trace his Stock from whoring *Jove*,

1 Huic modò nè profit, ———
——Hebes, esse videtur,

2 Nève mihi noceat, quod vobis semper, Achivi,
Profuit ingenium: ———

3 ———Meaque hæc facundia, siqua est,
Quæ nunc pro domino, pro vobis sæpe locuta est,
Invidia careat: ———

4 Nam Genus, & proavos, & quæ non fecimus ipsi,
Vix ea nostra voco. ———

5 ———Sed enim, quia rettulit Ajax
Esse Jovis pronepos, nostri quoque sanguinis autor
Jupiter est. ———
Totidémque gradus distamns ab illo.

Know

Know in the very same degree
 Jove's Author of our Progeny,
 Laert's my Sire, Arceſius his,
 And Jove his utmost Courteſies
 Did into my Great-Grannam pour,
 Like Danae in brazen Tower:
 Or elſe I'll ſwear in heat of Ire,
 That ſhe was Whore, or Fame a Lyar.
 2 And none of theſe embrac'd his Doom
 By a ſound jerking of his Bum;
 Nor from his Woes requir'd an Eaſement,
 By peeping thro' a hempen Caſement.
 3 Beſides, by Mother, I aſſure you,
 I am ally'd to great Mercury;
 So ſure as Ten and Ten make Twenty,
Deus eſt in utroque Parente.
 4 Yet neither do I make this Pother,
 Cauſe waggish *Hermes* kn——d my Mother;
 5 Nor 'cauſe my grave Old Dad for Gains,
 Did ne'er beat out my Uncles Brains;
 6 So let the Prize be given to Merit,
 For he that wins a Rope, ſhould wear it.
 7 But *Telamon* and's Brother *Peleus*,
 (A brace of honeſt jolly Fellows)

-
- 1 Nam mihi Laërtes pater eſt, Arceſius illi,
 Jupiter huic; —————
 2 ———— Neq; in his quiſquam damnatus, & exful.
 Eſt quoque per matrem Cyllenius addita nobis
 3 Altera nobilitas. Deus eſt in utroque parente.
 4 Sed neque materno quod ſum generoſior ortu,
 Propoſita arma peto. —————
 5 Nec mihi quodd pater eſt fraterni ſanguinis inſons,
 6 ———— Meritis expendite cauſam:
 7 Dummodo, quod fratres *Telamon*, *Peleúſque* fuerunt,
 Ajacis meritum non fit; —————

D

Will

18 *The Speeches of AJAX and ULYSSES.*

Will ne'er do him, nor none of's Brood,
 One single Farthing's-worth of Good :
 1 For he that is with Arms rewarded,
 Must be for Kicks and Thumps regarded.
 2 But if by Valour's understood,
 Next in proximity of Blood,
 This Sire is *Peleus*, that great Don,
 And *Pyrrhus* is his Natural Son ;
 3 So *Ajax* of this mighty Prize,
 May bear away his share in's Eyes.
 4 *Teucer's Achilles* cousin German ;
 Besides a numerous Brood of Vermin,
 Who would no sooner see them lost,
 Than jounce their Tails against a Post ;
 Not one of them was such a Fool,
 As like the wandring Calves of *Hull*,
 T'run nineteen Miles to suck a Bull.
 5 Therefore since *Grecian* Boys declare
 To give 'em the best Cudgel-Player,
 I'll marshal up my Acts in order,
 Without a Bellman, or Recorder ;
 Tho' th' Task is ne'er a whit too narrow,
 For *Newton*, *Archimede*, or *Barrow*.

1 Sed virtutis honor, spoliis quærat in istis.

2 Aut si proximitas, primusque requiritur hæres,
 Est genitor *Peleus*, est *Pyrrhus* filius illi,

3 Quis locus *Ajaci* ? —————

4 Nec minus est isto *Teucer* patruelis *Achilli* :
 Num petit ille tamen. —————

5 Ergò operum quoniam nudum certamen habetur,
 Plura quidem feci, quàm quæ comprehendere dictis
 In promptu mihi sit : rerum tamen ordine ducar.

1 *Thetis*, the Ocean's utmost Dweller,
 A noted Country Fortune-Teller,
 Well knowing if her dearest Boy,
 Embark'd in *Grecian* Boats to *Troy*,
 Either by Violence, or Trick,
 Would one Day have his Head to seek.
 What does she but in Hast dispatch
 One that his Waters well might watch,
 With Orders (whatsoe'er came on it)
 To strip off's Breeches, Shirt, and Bonnet,
 Coat, Jerkin, Pantaloons, and Ruff,
 And whip on Pinders, Hood and Muff;
 And in a trice himself entrench
 In Habit of a Kitchin-Wench:
 So — with Smock, Petticoat, and Gown-a,
 He might deceive all the whole Town-a.
 These done, all Female Airs he gain'd,
 In acting Woman unconstrain'd,
 Only his *Jigambob* remain'd.
 With *Lycomede*, in sight of Danger,
 The Lubber liv'd at Rack and Manger;
 Spending his time in Mirth and Laughter,
 With the Old Cuckold's Wife and Daughter.
 For how should he despair of thriving,
 All melancholy Thoughts surviving,
 With Drinking, Banquetting, and ——— ?

1 *Præscia venturi genitrix Nereia lethi*
Dissimulat cultu natum: ———
 ——— *Et deceperat omnes,*
In quibus Ajacem, sumptæ fallacia vestis.

20 *The Speeches of AJAX and ULYSSES.*

1 I then contriv'd, with utmost Joy,
A Plot to hasten him to *Troy* :
So with Cap, Plad, and Pack I trudg'd on,
Hoping to catch him like a Gudgeon ;
Where he in Cott both mean and dirty,
Was play'ng for Pins at *One and Thirty*,
Amongst the doudy Drabs his Doxies,
Where Scabs, and Rags, and Lice, and P----x is.

So shewing Ribbons, and Bone-laces,
To these black Homespun Country Lasses ;
With Needles, Thimbles, Points and Bodkins,
And great variety of Odd Things ;
Which they by tumbling Arms reveal'd,
In middle of my Pack conceal'd.

2 When one with form and shape of Goddess,
In Gown and Petticoat and Boddice ;
Neglecting Toys, began to swagger,
On handling Basket-hilt, and Dagger,
Which made me strait, the Cheat discerning,
To give the Whoreson this short Warning.

What Force your Rogue-ship here confines,
3 (Sprung from an Oyster-Wenches Loyns,)
You are enjoyn'd by Heav'nly Powers,
To pull down *Priam's* Past-board Towers :

1 Arma ego foemineis, animum motura virilem,
Mercibus inferui : neque adhuc projecerat heros
Virgineos habitus, —————

2 ——— Cum parmam, hastamque tenenti

3 Nate dea, dixi, tibi se peritura reservant
Pergama : Quid dubitas ingentem evertere Trojam ?

But if you slight their Voice you mar all,
And brew 'twixt Gods and *Greeks* a Quarrel.

1 I scarce so many Words had said,
But that my Gentleman obey'd ;
Took solemn leave of most that stay'd him,
But bid the Devil take his Madam,
That such a slippery trick had play'd him.

2 His War-like Acts therefore I'll father,
Since (with a Pox) I brought him hither.

Then to begin ;

3 I cut off *Jeffery Goose-crown's* Head,
And when he earnestly did plead,
I set it on again in reeking Blood.

4 *Thebes, Lesbos, Tenedos, and Scyron,*
Whose Coasts sharp-pointed Rocks environ,
Cylla the City of *Apollo,*

And *Chrys,* their hapless Fate did follow.

The Walls of G ——— so renown'd,
My Hands laid level with the Ground ;
And all the Whores (a mighty Number)

I gave my *Mirmidons* for Plunder.

But lest I seem to preach a Lecture,

5 By this my mighty Arm fell *Hector* ;

1 Injecique manum, fortémque ad fortia misi.

2 Ergò opera illius mea sunt. ———

3 ——— Ego Telephon hastâ
Pugnantem domui: ———

4 Quòd Thebæ cecidère, meum est : Me credite *Lesbon,*
Et Scyrón cepisse : meâ concussa putate
Procubuisse solo *Lyrnessia* mœnia dextrâ.

5 ——— Per me jacet inclytus *Hector.*

22 *The Speeches of AJAX and ULYSSES.*

In Death's cold Chains I made his Neck fast,
Who'd eat a Dozen *Greeks* for Breakfast.

1 The very Arms that *Hector* mau'd,
Were these wherewith the Rogue I gull'd ;
On him, when living, I bestow'd 'em,
A Gift, which for your Sakes, I ow'd him :
Now I require 'em, since as you know,
He's in the footy Realms of *Pluto* ;
Gone where no mortal Flesh can find him,
But's left his crazy Corps behind him.

2 When for one base deceiving Whore,
The Kings of *Greece* began to roar ;
And when a Thousand well-built Gallies,
Launch'd with full Sails from Port of *Aulis*,

3 The spiteful Monarch of the Air,
Either no Winds at all would spare,
Or such as he was sure would cross us,
And Wash, and Dash, and soundly toss us.
Th' illnatur'd, scoundrelly Curmudgeon
Was sure enough in League wi' *Trojan*.

4 At last, to ease us of our Cares,
When we were almost past our Prayers,
A Conj'rer did forthwith accost us,
As great with Devil as Doctor *Faustus*.

1 Illis hæc armis, quibus est inventus Achilles,
Arma peto : Vivo dederam, post fata reposco.

2 Ut dolor unius Danaos pervenit ad omnes,
Aulidæque Euboicam complêrunt mille carinæ :

3 Expectata diu, nulla, aut contraria Classi
Flamina sunt, —————

4 ————— Duræque jubent Agamemnona sortes,
Immeritam sævæ natam mactare Dianæ.

Quoth he, *Alcides* must arise,
 And offer's Girl in Sacrifice,
 For if you don't appease *Diana*
 With Blood of that same Virgin slain-a,
 You may, like Fools, turn Home again-a.
 1 The Father storms, and swears, Ods bobs!
 And Huffs, and Bounces at the Gods;
 2 A King to loose his only Darling,
 Must be sufficient Cause of snarling.
 I then some Sugar-Plumbs did reach him,
 And a good honest Lecture preach him;
 How that with Toil, and Terror mickle,
 His Red-coats were in filthy Pickle;
 That if he wou'dn't obey the Lot,
 Each Whoreson there must go to Pot.

3 Now must I make this plain Confession,
 And hope he'll pardon my Transgression.
 How hard I was constrain'd to labour
 To force so well-belov'd a Babe here,
 From an old Fornicating Father.
 4 At last his Cuckold Bro' that lov'd him,
 And Countrey's Safety so much mov'd him;
 That right or wrong, they there did bind him,
 Rather t' appease her that confin'd 'em
 Than leave old Punk-rid *Nell* behind 'em.

-
- 1 Denegat hoc genitor, divisque irascitur ipsis:
 2 Atque in rege tamen pater est. Ego mite Parentis
 Ingenium verbis ad publica commoda verti.
 3 Nunc equidem fateor; fasque ignoscat Atrides:
 Difficilem tenui sub iniquo iudice Causam.
 4 Hunc tamen utilitas populi, fratéque, ——
 —— Laudem ut cum sanguine penset.

1 Then

24 *The Speeches of AJAX and ULYSSES.*

1 Then did I to the Mother trudge it,
 With Wiles Good Plenty in my Budget ;
 For Reason's Rules would never win her,
 But plain Deceit, as I'm a Sinner :
 2 And had my boisterous Rival pleaded,
 His dull Harangues had ne'er succeeded ;
 Th' Old Hag had ne'er allow'd the Murther,
 Nor had we stir'd a Hair's-breadth further.
 3 I then was sent with a Defiance,
 Or t' hector *Trojans* to Compliance.
 Where I beheld the lusty Swabbers,
 To exercise all Man-like Labours,
 A Pack of stout Two-handed Fellows,
 Each wishing Combat with *Achilles*.

With that my Whiskers stroking gently,
 Grave Sir, says I, *Eestina lente* ;
 Our Guts are not so very limber,
 To seek thus far for Belly-timber :
 4 'Tis to accuse that thievish *Paris*,
 That sail'd from hence in *Trojan* Wherries,
 And to demand the Beef and Bacon,
 Besides the Strumpet he has taken.

1 Mittor & ad matrem ; quæ non hortanda, sed astu
 Decipienda fuit: —————

2 ———— Quod si Telamonius iſſet,
 Orba ſuis eſſent etiam nunc lintea ventis.

3 Mittor & Iliacas audax orator ad arces,

4 Accuſoque Parin, prædámque, Helenámque repoſco,

1 Then *Priam*, *Paris*, and *Antenor*,
 And other Guests that were at Dinner,
 Wiping with Cloaths their Greasy Chaps,
 Take heed, (say they) of After-Claps.
 Then call'd us filthy mangey Lubbers,
 And vow'd we came to rob their Cupboards ;
 And (jeering) said, Sirs, if you please,
 Come cram your Boots with Bread and Cheese,
 And carry part to your great Leader,
 The Whey-fac'd, Lanthorn-jaw'd Louse-breeder ;
 But at the Tail of your Epistle,
 Tell him, for's Whore he may go whistle.
 Then did a base ill-natur'd Clown
 Crack my Cocks-comb with Basting Spoon,
 2 And that (I speak it void of Anger)
 Was the first Moment of my Danger.

3 But lest I borrow *Blackmore's* stile,
 And spin my Story out a Mile ;
 What Deeds my Arts, and Arms have done,
 What Plots descry'd, what Battles won :
 How oft I've broke into their Quarters,
 How often punish'd *Greek* Deserters,
 Would fill more Room than *Fox's* Martyrs.

1 Et moveo Priamum, Priamóque Antenora junctum.
 At Paris & fratres, & qui rapuere sub illo,
 Vix tenuere manus

2 Primáque lux nostri tecum fuit illa pericli.

3 Longa referre mora est, quæ consilióque, manúque
 Utiliter feci spatiosi tempore belli.

26 *The Speeches of AJAX and ULYSSES.*

- 1 At first the Foe withstood our Fury,
But when we'd Cudgel'd 'em demurely ;
They kept themselves Confin'd in Garrets,
And fed on Cabbage, Beef, and Carrots,
- 2 Ne'er daring farther to offend us,
Then throwing Pisspots out at Windows :
And when we came too near (like Fools)
They'd Soufe us with their damn'd Close Stools ;
Which fragrant Aromatick matter
Would keep it's Scent a fortnight after.
- 3 But at the end of Nine full Years,
We fought again like Dogs and Bears,
Lugging each other by the Ears :
- 4 Yet during this vast long Vacation,
For brawny *Ajax* where's occasion,
Only with feigned Foes he'd Whisk it,
And eat *Atrides* mouldy Bisket.
- 5 But what (says he) of you does happen ?
Why, Fool I take these Roarers Napping,
Without Shoes, Breeches, Shirt or Cap on
Or keep 'em so Confin'd, that none
Once dares to say his Soul's his own.
- 6 I reach my Friends some Sugar Plumbs,
When for mere grief they bite their Thumbs ;

1 Post acies primas, urbis se mœnibus hostes
Continuère diu ; —————

2 ——— Nec aperti copia Martis
Ulla fuit : —————

3 ——— Decimo demum pugnâvimus anno.

4 Quid facis interea, qui nil nisi prælia nosti ?
Quis tuus usus erat ? ———

5 ——— Nam si mea facta requiris,
Hostibus infidior, fossas munimine cingo,

6 Consolor socios, ut longi tædiâ belli
Mente ferant placida : ———

And

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And tell 'em that the Toyls of War,
Are what both Great and Small must bear.

1 I'm Sent to Steal fat Hens, and Geese,
For Knights, and Aldermen of *Greece*;
To purchase Sword, and Spear, and Shield,
When theirs have Perish'd in the Field:

2 And then I please the Higher Powers,
By bringing Brace, or Leash of W——s.

3 But now came Messenger from *Jove*,
To warn the Cowardly Shirking Oaf,
With well greas'd Lighters, some Seventeen-a,
To Row directly to *Mycena*:
For that the Gods were much Mistaken,
If ever *Troy* was to be taken.

4 At that stout, wide Mouth'd *Ajax* bawls,
My self will Scale these Paper Walls,
And Spight of Maids and Matrons Tears
Fire each ones House about their Ears;
And th' Town, like great *Drawcanfir* gaining,
Leave neither Friend, nor Foe remaining.

5 Well, let the Hair Brain'd Haughty Fool
Try his Impenetrable Skull.
But why, for all his Protestations,
Does he not Stop the Flight of *Gracians*?

1 ——— Doceo, quo simus alendi

Armandique modo: ———

2 ——— Mittor quò postulat usus.

3 Ecce! Jovis monitu deceptus imagine somni

Rex jubet incœpti curam dimittere belli.

4 Non finât hoc Ajax, delendâque Pergama poscat,

Quòdque potest pugnet. ———

5 ——— Cur non remoratur ituros?

Cur non arma capit? det, quòd vaga turba sequatur.

28 *The Speeches of AJAX and ULYSSES.*

Why don't he Arm and call aloud,
To rally the retiring Crowd ?
Why don't so Impudent a Bragger,
With Musket, Sword and Buckler, Swagger ?

1 But see, the mighty Champion flying,
His Character (tho' base) belying,
Running reproachfully from Colours.
On Board his Loufie, Rotten Scullars.

2 So without any farther Dodging,
Grave Sirs, says I, where are you trudging ;
3 What dev'lish, stinging Maggots bite you,
To run as if you would besh——e you ?
4 Why from these Shores would you be raking,
When *Troy*, I'll swear, 's three quarters taken ?
5 By scamp'ring homewards, thus to *Greece*,
You may expect Duke *Humphry's* Mess :
And if this Warning won't prevent you,
You'll every Mothers Son repent you.

6 With these and many such like Speeches,
Which thought of Native Country teaches,
I brought the fearful Rogues once more,
When they had almost launch'd from Shore.

-
- 1 Quid quod & ipse fugit ? _____
Cum tu terga dares, inhonestaque vela parares.
2 Nec mora, quid facitis ? _____
3 _____ Quæ vos dementia, dixi,
Concitat, _____
4 _____ O sotii, captam dimittere Trojam ?
5 Quidve domum fertis decimo nisi dedecus anno ?
6 Talibus atque aliis, in quæ dolor ipse disertum
Fecerat, aversos profuga de classe reduxi.

- 1 *Atride* and others were partakers,
Whose Troopers every Soul turn'd Quakers.
- 2 But *Ajax* (like a senseless Log)
Had not one Word to throw't a Dog;
- 3 When lazy Hatched-fac'd *Thersites*,
With thundring Language strove to fright us;
- 4 Yet did a quick Revenge pursue him,
For with my double Fist I flew him.
- 5 Then cheering up my Grenadiers,
I made them prick up Leather-Ears,
Speaking with Hoarseness, like Madge-Howlet,
Or Boy with Dish-clout in his Gullet.
- 6 So whatsoever valiant Action,
Was compass'd since this late Distraction,
I justly claim, since from the Wars,
When he (like Coward) turn'd his A---
By force of Reason I confin'd him,
Not to leave's dearest Friend behind him.

7 Lastly, Who 'mongst the *Gracian* Chieftains,
Does praise, or seek for your Assistance?

-
- 1 Convocat Atrides socios terrore paventes,
 - 2 Nec Telamoniades etiam nunc hiscere quicquam
Audet, _____
 - 3 _____ Et ausus erat reges incessere dictis
Thersites, _____
 - 4 _____ Etiam per me haud impune protervus.
 - 5 _____ Et trepidos cives exhortor in hostes,
Amissamque meâ virtutem voce reposco.
 - 6 Tempore ab hoc quodcunque potest fecisse videri
Fortiter iste, meum est, _____
_____ Qui dantem terga retraxi.
 - 8 Denique de Danaïs quis te laudârve, petirve?
At sua Tydides mecum communicat acta;
Me probat, & socio semper confidit Ulyssæ.

But

30 *The Speeches of AJAX and ULYSSES.*

But great *Tydidēs*, you may see.
Puts Trust and Confidence in me ;
And what a Pleasure 'tis you'd wonder,
In Love and Unity to plunder.

1 Nor Night, nor *Trojan* Watch affrighting,
I slew great *Dolon* when a Sh——ng
The weight of my vast Club he feels,
When's Breeches were about his Heels,
But first his Secrets he reveals.

2 How that for all our Care and Watching,
Great Plots by *Trojans* had been hatching :

3 So now I grop't 'em all (I tell you)
As well as *Gadbury*, or *Lilly*.

4 Thus being flush'd with fresh successes,
I spurr'd forthwith to Tent of *Rhesus* ;
Where my old wonted Strength renewing,
I catch'd the Rogue, and 's Partners Spewing,
As drunk as Lords with Sack and Clarret,
But they, poor Souls, could not forbear it :
Therefore with Sword and Dagger you know,

I sent them all to Sup with *Pluto* ;

5 And for reward my Paws did fix
Upon the Younker's Coach and Six,

1 Sed tamen & spreto noctisque hostisque periclo,
Dolona

Interimo : non antè tamen, quàm cuncta coëgi
Prodere,——

2 ——Et edidici quid perfida Troja pararet.

3 Omnia cognôram, nec quid specularer habebam :

4 Haud contentuseo, petii tentoria Rhesi,
Inque suis ipsum castris, comitésque peremi :

5 ——victor, votisque poritus,
Ingredior curru latos imitante triumphos.

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31

In which I seem'd as spruce a fellow,
(The very naked Truth I tell you,)
As *Scanderbeg* or *Punchianello*.

1 I scarce shall mention huge *Sarpedon*,
Which my *Bucephalus* did tread on,

2 *Ceraunes*, *Iphitad*, *Alastor*,

Besides a num'rous train of Bastards,

Pritanis, *Halius*, *Noemon*,

And *Charope*, who fought like Women :

3 Likewise a brace of Scores less famous,

Which *Ovid* has forgot to name us,

Under the Mudwalls of this Burrough,

Drew their last Gasping Breath wi' Sorrow.

4 I've Bruises, Kicks, and Noble Scars,

Procur'd in *Mars*, Not *Venus*, wars,

5 And tho' I ne'er was us'd to lying,

(Old Nick and all his Wiles defying)

6 Unveiling Coat and Shirt, and Jacket,

You'll be convinc'd how I've been thwacked,

And if my B——h was but uncover'd,

You'd grieve to see what Nock has Suffer'd.

1 Quid Lycii referam Sarpedonis agmina ferro
Devastata meo ? ———

2 ——— Cum multo sanguine fudi
Cæranon, Iphitidénque, Alastoráque, Chromiúmque ;

3 Quique minús celebres nostræ sub mœnibus urbis
Procubuère manu. ———

4 ——— Sunt & mihi vulnera, cives,
Ipso pulchra loco ; ———

5 ——— Nec vanis credite verbis :

6 Aspicite en ! (vestémque manu diduxit) & hæc sunt
Pectora semper, ait, vestris exercira rebus.

32 *The Speeches of AJAX and ULYSSES.*

1 But what has the grave Son of *Tela-*
mon done for e'er a *Grecian* fellow ?
 If of his Blood h'as Spent good Store,
 'Thas been in quarrels for a Whore,
 Only his Frock is something tatter'd,
 And Rump for want of Heels is batter'd ;
 2 Or else his Carcass is as found,
 As when he Stept on *Trojan* Ground.
 3 But what avails his tittle tattle,
 That he made Foes and *Jove* to rattle,
 To save the *Grecian* Fleet in Battle ?
 True merit I shall ever prize,
 4 But th' Rogue has told much bigger Lyes,
 5 For he with two 'r three thousand more,
 Repell'd the *Trojans* from the Shore,
 They with long Dog-whips, Clods, and Stones
 Were arm'd Compleatly for the nonce ;
 But dangers Common Souldiers Share,
 Whilst Glory's Snatch'd by Brigadeer.
 6 *Patroclus* in *Achillis'* Arms,
 Thinking to keep his Men from Harms,
 (A Youth to Noble acts aspiring)
 Did save our Mackrell Boats from firing ;

1 At nihil impendit per tot Telamonius annos
 Sanguinis in fociis : —————

2 ————— Et habet sine vulnere corpus.

3 Quid tamen hoc refert, si se pro classe Pelasgâ
 Arma tulisse refert contra Troâsque Jovémque ?

4 Confiteorque tulit : —————

5 ————— modo ne communia solus

Occupet, atque aliquem nobis quoque reddet honorem.

6 Reppulit Actorides sub imagine tutus Achillis
 Troas ab arsuris cum defensore carinis.

Although

Although they did no more become
 Him, than a Truncheon would *Tom Thumb*.
 He look'd as odd embark'd in these,
 As Mouse entrench'd in Cheshire Cheese;
 Nor made a better Shew within,
 Than *Æsop's* Ass in Lyon's Skin.

1 Yet does this Impudent Commander
 (Thinking himself an *Alexander*,)
 With *Hector* venture to Contend,
 And all his Countrymen defend;
 Forgetting me, and Cousin *Sthenelus*,
 As if we'd each of us been Penny less.

Thus Ape, in Scarlet-Cloke, or Yellow,
 Fancies himself a gallant Fellow:
 2 So for all this brave Champion's trapping,
 No mighty Accident did happen.
Hector did all our Troops out-brave,
 And hack'd, and slic'd 'em like a Knave;
 Then boldly Swaggering and Strutting,
 After he had been Collar-cutting,
 With Sword in hand he homewards went,
 When *Greeks* were thrash'd to Heart's content.
 3 Woes me! how Grief my Gutts perplex'd,
 How I like any Dog was vex'd!

-
- 1 Ausum etiam Hectoreis solum concurrere telis
 Se putat, oblitus regisque, ducisque, meique,
 2 Sed tamen eventus vestræ, fortissime, pugnae
 Quis fuit? Hector abit violatus vulnere nullo.
 3 Me miserum! Quanto cogor meminisse dolore
 Temporis illius, quo Graium murus Achilles
 Procubuit!

F

When

34 *The Speeches of AJAX and ULYSSES.*

When first I heard the sad disaster,
 Of my poor dear departed Master;
 Whom *Paris*, and the *Trojan* Louts,
 Kill'd basely pulling on his Boots,
 Or else their dull unpointed Steel,
 Could ne'er have pierc'd his tender Heel.
 1 But neither Grief, nor Wind, nor Weather,
 Nor forty Dangers more together,
 Scar'd me so much, but that I crep't,
 (When all the Watchmen snor'd, and Slep't)
 And Stole the Corps of great *Achilles*,
 As Witches, Traytors from the Gallows,
 And hoisting him on these broad Shoulders,
 In spite of drousie Snoring Souldiers ;
 2 The weight of Carcass, Spear and Shield,
 Buff-Coat, and Belt, and Boots I wield',
 On Brawny Shoulders from the Field.
 3 If Strength cannot sustain this Burthen,
 May I be ever deem'd a Lurdane.
 4 And if you still deny your Votes,
 May they like Dish-clouts Stop your Throats,
 And quite confound your squeaking Notes.

1 ——— Nec me lacrymæ, luctûspûe timôrquæ
 Tardârunt, quin corpus humo sublime referrem
 His humeris : ———

2 ——— His, inquam, humeris ego corpus *Achillis*,
 Et simul arma tuli, quæ nunc quoque ferre laboro.

3 Sunt mihi, quæ valeant in talia pondera, vires :

4 Est animus certè vestros sensurus honores.

1 The Whey-fac'd Goddess of the Ocean,
Still wish'd her Bastard-Son Promotion,
And Jealous that some brawny Fool
That ha'n't a Loufe's brain in's Soul,
Should proudly Strut in Cap and Feather,
And all Accoutrements together;
That Arms by th' Heavenly Blacksmith wrought,
Should be disgrac'd by such a Sott,
And painted by th' unwearied Labour
Of a Celestial Sign Post-dauber.

2 There's Earth and Seas, and Stars i'th' Sky,
All Fish that run, and Beasts that fly,
And *Pleiades*, and *Hyades*,
Two wholesale Grocers in the Seas;
Then *Arctos* quickly follows after,
A freeborn Subject of the Water;
3 Then divers large well peop'd Towns,
Like those that stand on *Banstead* Downs;
And pretty Hamlets in the Main
Like those on *Sal'sbury's* ample Plain;
4 The flaming Tilter of *Orion*
Stung by a Venemous Scorpion;
Besides the Heav'nly Shock that bites,
And Mortal householders affrights
With Baw-waw-waw in Moon shine Nights.

1 Scilicet idcirco pronato cærule mater
Ambitiosa suo fuit, ut cœlestia dona,
Artis opus tantæ, rudis, & sine pectore miles
Indueret? —————

2 Oceanum, & terras, cùmque alto fydera cœlo,
Pleiadâsque, Hyadâsque; immunémque æquoris Arcton,

3 Diversasque urbes, —————

4 ————— Nitidúmque Orionis ensen.

36 *The Speeches of AJAX and ULYSSES.*

1 All these the Loggerhead demands,
 To stain with his polluted Hands,
 Whose Characters must monstrous be
 To one who knows not A : B : C.
 Paintings seems dull, and Gravings vain,
 When Heads are destitute of Brain.
 2 *Ajax* summs up his mighty Deeds,
 How he went first to Loggerheads ;
 And reckons it a plaguy hard Case,
 For him to venture thus his Carcass ;
 And to encrease the solemn Farce,
 Swears how *Ulysses* hung an Arse.
 3 Ne'er once consulting how *Achilles*,
 Was one of these same dronish Fellows,
 4 And if feign'd Frenzie make me faulty,
 Know, he as well as I was guilty ;
 5 If my delay be judg'd a Crime,
 I came to *Troy* in pudding time.
 6 Th' young Whore *Penelope* detain'd me,
 And straight to sowing Salt constrain'd me.
 7 Whilst *'Chilles* made as great a Potier,
 Being forc'd to Spin, and this and t'other,
 By the Old Wither'd Hag his Mother.

-
- 1 Postulat ut capiat, quæ non intelligit, arma.
 2 Quid, quodd me duri fugientem munera belli
 Arguit incepto serum accessisse labori ?
 3 Nec se magnanimo maledicere sentit Achilli ?
 4 Si simulâsse vocas crimen ; simulavimus ambo :
 5 Si mora pro culpa est ; ego sum maturior illo
 6 Me pia detinuit conjux ; —————
 7 ————— Pia mater Achillem ;

1 I shall not in my Harneſs tremble,
Nor once my ſeeming Faults diſſemble,
Since with *Achilles* they're ſo common,
Who dreſs'd himſelf in douds of Woman.
2 Yet by the S—— I caught this Madam,
When they from *Troy* long time had ſtay'd him.

3 But had my Rival poſted thither,
When I Yok'd Ox and Aſs together,
With Clods, or Stones, I'd lay'd him ſprawling,
And ſpoil'd his future Caterwauling.
4 I need not value theſe Reproaches,
Since on your Worſhips he encroaches,
5 His Sland'ring Tongue cryes filthy Whoreſon,
Without reſpect to Place or Perſon,

6 That 't ſhould be an Inhuman deed,
Of my accuſing *Palamede*,
And then your Condemnation juſt,
Is what my Reaſon muſt diſtruſt,

1 Haud timeo, ſi jam nequeam defendere crimen
Cum tanto commune viro : —————

2 ————— Deprenſus Ulyſſis
Ingenio tamen ille ; —————

3 ————— At non Ajacis Ulyſſes.

4 Néve in me ſtolidæ convitia fundere linguæ
Admiremur eum : —————

5 ————— Vobis quoque digna pudore
Objicit, —————

6 ————— An falſo Palamedem crimine turpe eſt
Accuſaſſe mihi ? —————
————— Vobis damnâſſe decorum ?

1 But

38 *The Speeches of AJAX and ULYSSES.*

1 But he himself had not the Face,
To plead in such a wretched Case ;
Your Lordship's Eyes beheld what Hire
He had to set our Tents on fire,
To run aground, and burn our Wherries,
And send our Men to *Stygian* Ferries.

2 Nor can I well conceive my self
T'be such a stingy cross-grain'd Elf,
To coop up *Peaan's* Son so famous,
In *Lemnos*, *Negropont*, or *Samos* :
You may this Knotty Case determine,
And crop the Ears of such base Vermin.

3 Since all did absolutely Swear
He ne'er should find a Landing here,
I did perswade him to unravel,
His Mind from Thoughts of War and Travel,
And that with thund'ring Thumps, and good Knocks,
He might get Thrushes, Snipes, and Woodcocks.
And now he lives (or I'm mistaken)
On Cheesecakes, Custards, Veal and Bacon.
Half free'd (to speak the naked truth)
From Gouts, and Clapps attain'd in Youth,

1 Sed neque Naupliades facinus defendere tantum,
Tamque patens valuit : ———

———Vidistis, pretio quæ objecta patebant.

2 Nec, Pœantiaden quod habet Vulcaia Lemnos,
Esse reus merni, ———

3 Consensistis enim : nec me suasisse negabo,
Ut se subtraheret bellicæ viæque labori,
Tentarétque feros requie lenire dolores.

1 My late Advice has faithful been,
Since now he Sleeps in a whole Skin,
Without a Foe (poor thing !) to trouble it,
And not one Pink-hole in his Doublet.

2 But since the Gods above contrive
That he must to these Shores arrive,
And bring his Quiver, Shafts, and Boots,
To help to pull up *Troy* by th' Roots.

3 Let *Telamon's* stout Son ride Post,
To fetch the Cuckold we had lost ;
His pleasant Language will invite him,
And Tropes and Similies delight him ;
Although he lay confin'd alone
With racking Pains of Gout, or Stone,
Or will his Crafty Tricks beguile him,
To leave that Place, and Post to *Illiurn*.

4 But *Trent*, and *Severn* shall run back,
And fresh Supplies from Fountains lack ;
Or *Sol* (our mortal labours Scorning)
Lye a bed and Snore 'till Ten i'th' Morning :
Or Nymphs and Fauns forsake their Fountains
Or Whales fly o're the tops of Mountains,

1 — Non hæc sententia tantùm est

Fida, sed, & felix cùm fit, facit esse fidelem.

2 Quem quoniam vates delenda ad Pergama poscunt,

3 — Melius Telamonius ibit,

Eloquioque virum, morbisque, iraque furentem

Molliet, aut aliqua perducet callidus arte.

4 Antè retrò Simois fluet, & sine frondibus Ide

Stabit, & auxilium promittet Achaia Trojæ,

40 *The Speeches of AJAX and ULYSSES.*

Or *Trojan* Foes abate the Fury ;
 Or Lovers trust the Nymphs of *Drury* ;
 1 E'er my best Wishes shall be lacking
 To fend these *Trojan* Rogues a packing ;
 Or *Ajax's* maggot-eaten Brains,
 Bring you one single Farthing Gains.
 2 Because poor *Philoctet*'did perjure him,
 He smells not half so sweet as *Marjaram* ;
 But by some dismal plague, or *Murrain*,
 His Gangreen'd Leg stinks worse than Carrion,
 Which will offend, our Mincing Whores,
 And make 'em scamper hence by Scores.

3 But, my dear Friend, tho' you should tear,
 And roar, and hector, rant and fwear,
 And bounce like Horse of my Lord Mayor.
 And tho' you should be so uncivil,
 To wish your Bosom Friend with th' Devil ;
 Or that my Neck a Noose might Stretch,
 From Hands of Rascally *Jack Ketch*,
 4 Or that I might by Lot be given,
 To mitigate the wrath of Heaven ;
 5 Or else be burn'd, or drown'd o'th' Sudden,
 Or drop, and give the Crows a Pudden.

-
- 1 Quàm cessante meo pro vestris pectore rebus.
 Ajacis stolidi Danaïs solertia profit.
 2 Sis licèt infestus sociis, regique, mihiq̃ue,
 Dure Philoctete, _____
 3 _____ Licèt execrere, meúmque
 Devoveas sine sine caput, _____
 4 _____ Cupiásque dolenti
 Me tibi fortè dari, _____
 5 _____ Nostrúmque haurire cruorem,

1 Yet will I strive t' appease your Fury,
And beg th' Assistance of *Mercury*,
To fetch you thence, tho' *Greeks* should think me
A Fool: or tho' to Death you stink me.

2 Then shall I bring your Shafts and Quiver,
To jerk these Traytors thro' the Liver;

3 As sure as I trappan'd the Wizzard,
In darkest Night, by help of Vizard,

4 Or read th' appointed Destiny,
Concerning our return from *Troy*,

5 Or Stole the Shrine of Chast *Minerva*,
Troum comitante Caterua.

6 And shall that proud Swash-Buckler be,
In feats of Arms compar'd wi' me?

7 *Troy* was to fall at Ten years distance,
Without the Scoundrels least Assistance.

8 Where are his brave heroick Deeds?
When he his num'rous Chieftains leads;

9 But above all where are his Huffs,
Of broken Shins, and bloody Cuffs?

10 Is he affraid that all's not well?
And like a Snail creeps into's Shell?

-
- 1 Te tamen aggrediar, mecúmque reducere nitar,
 - 2 Támque tuis poriar (faveat fortuna) sagittis,
 - 3 Quám sum Dardanio, quem cepi, vate potitus;
 - 4 Quám responsa deúm, Trojanáque fata retexi;
 - 5 Quám rapui Phrygiæ signum penetrale Minervæ
Hostibus è mediis. ———
 - 6 ——— Et se mihi comparat Ajax?
 - 7 Nempe capi Trojam prohibebant fata sine illo,
 - 8 Fortis ubi est Ajax? ———
 - 9 ——— Ubi sunt ingentia magni
Verba viri? ———
 - 10 ——— Cur hic metuit?

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G

1 And

r Yet

42 *The Speeches of AJAX and ULYSSES.*

1 And do not I without a Fright
Of Rakehell, Goblin, Witch, or Spright,
Commit my self to darkeſt Night ?
2 Thro' Hazards ſtrange, and Dangers dire,
Of Battle, Water, Sword, and Fire,
3 Enter into *Troy's* higheſt Stories,
In ſpight of either *Whiggs* or *Tories*,
And from their Cupboards with great Eaſe,
Convey Brown Georges, Cakes and Cheeſe ?
4 At laſt the long fought Prize I found,
In an old Hog- trough under Ground;
And brought it off, thro' Fire and Smoak,
Under my old grey ruſſet Cloak,
5 Which aſt if I had not perform'd,
In vain you *Troy's* high Walls had Storm'd,
In vain would *Ajax* proudly wield
His Baskett-hilt, and ruſty Shield.
6 That very night did *Troy* o're power,
And batter'd down each Gate and Tower ;
Be cauſe juſt then I ſtole their Goddeſs,
From Crew of droniſh ſleepy Noddies,
7 Ce aſe therefore to compare *Tydides*
Wi' me, although his Fame full wide is ;

1 ———Cur audet Ulyſſes

Ire per excubias, & ſe committere nocti ?
2 Pérque ſeros enſes, non tantùm moenia Trojæ,
3 Verùm etiam ſummas arces intrare, ſuáque
4 Eripere æde Deam, raptámque efferre per hoſtes ?
5 Quæ niſi feciſſem, fruſtra Telamone creatus
Geſtâſſet læva taurorum tergora ſeptem.
6 Illa nocte mihi Trojæ victoria parta eſt :
Pergama tunc vici, cùm vinci poſſe coëgi.
7 Deſine Tydiden vultúque & murmure nobis
Oſtentare meum : ———

His

His Strength great Warriours has o'recome,
But Skull's as empty as a Drum :
And then my weary Nights and Days,
May justly claim the greatest Praise.

1 When *Ajax* view'd the Fleet on fire,
His Fame did n't mount a Hair's breadth higher,
A num'rous Rabble did attend him,
From Stones and Catsticks to defend him,
But of all my Heroick Acts,
None but *Tidy*^d comes in for Snacks ;
2 Which if he had not known his want,
And how't a Pinch his Witts were scant ;
To my all conquering Arm most surely,
He ne'er had yielded so demurely.

3 A milder *Ajax* might have sought
These Trinkets which old *Vulcan* wrought ;
4 *Andremon*'s Son, and fierce *Euripyl*'s,
Whom Gouts and Pox had made a Cripple ;
5 *Idomeneus*, besides a Dozen,
And *Agamemnon*'s Cater-Cousin ;
6 All old in Battles, skill'd in Warrs,
And fam'd for hardiness and Scarrs,
Yet mov'd their Bonnets to my Wit,
And look'd as blank, as if besh——.

-
- 1 Nec tu, cùm focia clypeum pro classe tenebas,
Solus eras ; tibi turba comes : mihi contigit usus,
2 Qui, nisi pugnacem sciret sapiente minorem
Esse, nec indomitæ deberi præmia dextræ,
3 Ipse quoque hæc peteret ; peteret moderatior *Ajax*,
4 *Eurypylus*que ferox, claroque *Andremon*e natus ;
5 Nec minùs *Idomeneus* ; —————
————— peteret majoris frater *Atride* :
6 Quippe manu fortes, nec sunt tibi Marte secundi,
Consiliis cessere meis, —————

44 *The Speeches of AJAX and ULYSSES.*

1 The only good that he can do,
 'S to quench a Cannon-ball, or so.
 2 His massie Bulk no Couquest gains,
 Whose Head such Cavities contains,
 Without a Thimble-full of Brains.
 He's fit indeed in Arms to clatter,
 That can't keep clear from Fire and Water,
 3 In short, he's need of my protection,
 To fight, or flee, by my direction :
 Since great *Atride* (in me delighting)
 Takes my appointed Times for fighting,
 4 He 'mongst dull Animals may pass,
 Whose Wit, and bulk come near an Ass ;
 But my great Parts all Arts commencing,
 As Camping, Stoolball, Quoits, and Fencing,
 Excel old Dotards o'er and o'er,
 As much as Steerer does the Rower.

Nine Taylors, Antients do maintain,
 Do go to make a proper Man ;
 But ninety dozen Fools 'an't fit,
 If joyn'd, to make a Man of Wit.

-
- 1 ——— Tibi dextera bello
 Utilis : ingenium est, quod eget moderamine nostro,
 2 Tu vires sine mente geris : ———
 3 Tu pugnare potes : pugnandi tempora tecum
 Eligit Atrides. ———
 4 Tu tantum corpore prodes ;
 Nos animo : ———
 ——— Quantoque ratem qui temperat anteit
 Remigis officium ; ———
 Tantum ego te supero. ———

1 In Councils Wife, in Fight I'm Hardy,
 Nor was I ever taken tardy ;
 My Mind, and Limbs alike prevail,
 To make our Bloody Foes turn Tail :
 To keep great Hector at a distance,
 And Maul the rest without resistance.
 But now my Story's almost ended,
 To which with Patience you've attended ;
 2 Whom should such noble Gifts reward,
 But him that's your most Faithful Guard ?
 Who for so many Years depending,
 Has been your Corps, and Cause defending :
 Employ'd his utmost Skill to ease you,
 And run thro' thick and thin to please you.
 3 Therefore (without a long Preamble
 Of such as for these Arms may Scramble)
 Since I did in one Night obtain,
 What Ten long Winters fought in vain ;
 And to the *Grecians* utmost Joy,
 4 Remov'd the Wooden Shrine from *Troy* ;
 Which made their Walls on Ground to welter,
 And Turrets tumble Helter-Skelter.

-
- 1 ——— Nec non in corpore nostro
 Pectora sunt potiora manu: vigor omnis in illis,
 2 At vos, ô procures, vigili date præmia vestro,
 Proque tot armorum curis, quos anxius egi.
 3 Jam labor in fine est; obstantia fata removi;
 Atque, posse capi faciendo, Pergama cepi.
 4 ——— Casuræque moenia Trojæ,
 Perque deos oro, quos hosti nuper ademi

I Now

46 *The Speeches of AJAX and ULYSSES.*

1 Now if there's any Thing remaining,
That for my Country may be gaining,
If either Strength, or Wit, will do't,
You may be sure I'll bring 't about.

2 Therefore I shall not be in Fault,
If *Troy's* not Plow'd, nor Sow'd wi' Salt,
3 But bear in Mind my last Petitions,
And Canvas 'em amongst the *Grecians*,
And if my Merits don't succeed,
Let *Trojan's* chief Defender Plead,

4 So turning up his rusty Plad,
He shew'd their Tutelary God.
Thus did he finish his Orisons,
Which by the by, (good Folks) were Wise ones;
5 And *Grecians* mov'd with inward Pity,
On hearing such a dismal Ditty,
6 Rejecting all their former Guests,
Granted the cunning Rogues Requests,

7 So an unwearied plodding Brain,
May every difficulty gain. .

-
- 1 Per, si quid superest, quod sit sapienter agendum,
Si quid adhuc audax, ex præcipitique petendum est ;
2 Si *Trojæ* fatis aliquid restare putatis,
3 Este mei memores ; aut, si mihi non datis arma,
Huic date. ———
4 ——— Et ostendit signum fatale Minervæ.
5 Mota manus procerum est : ———
6 ——— Fortisque viri tulit arma disertus.
7 ——— Et quid facundia possit,
Tum patuit, ———

1 Then

1 Then he who'had suffer'd *Hector's* Ire,
Dangers from *Jove*, from Sword and Fire;
The shock of Blows, and skill o'th' Archer;
By rage became as mad as March-hare.
Whole Drovers of Goates, and Sheep and Oxen,
And other Animals he knocks down,
Supposing them the *Grecian* Squadrons,
By Beards, and Horns, and Shaggy Aprons.

Then grasp'd he close *Toledo* trusty,
(Which want of use had render'd rusty)
But all his pulling for his Heart,
Could not make Sword and Scabbard Part;
So throwing Cap and Cloak at distance,
And whatsoever made Resistance,
To th' Boats with might and main he hies
2 And there a lovely Halter spies,
Then walking says in surly manner,
3 I'll now lye down in Bed of Honour:
4 For ne'er a lousie simple Fellow-Man,
Shall curry the brave Son of *Telamon*:
5 This done, o're Branch of Oak, he throws
The end of Suffocating Noose,
And (on a Buffet-Stool ascended,)
Says now my Sorrows will be ended;

1 *Hectora qui solus, qui ferrum, ignemque, Jovemque
Sustinuit torques, unam non sustinet iram:*

2 ——— Aripit ensē;

3 ——— Domini nunc cæde madebit:

4 Ne quisquam Ajacem possit superare, nisi Ajax.

5 Dixit, & in pectus tum demum vulnera passum,
Quæ potuit ferro, lethalem condidit ensē.

48 *The Speeches of AJAX and ULYSSES.*

Thou lovely Curer of my Grief,
That bring'st such quick and sure Relief,
Thou shalt embrace my brawny Collar,
A Death most glorious for a Souldier :
And thus I'll end my woeful Days,
Without a stave of *Hopkins* Lays.
Then down went Cricket, off went he,
And Danc'd it round most gallantly,
His Grinders clos'd, and Eyeballs star'd,
And full as fierce as Lightning Glar'd.

1 But tho' his Countenance was so stern,
Yet from the Regions of his Postern,
Drop'd something Saffron-Dye excelling,
Yet sweet as Musk, or Civet, Smelling.
This with a warm and pleasant Shower,
2 From that same Turf produc'd a Flower,
3 In whose thick Leaves (by common Fame)
Appears the stout Commanders Name.

-
- 1 Expulit ipse cruor : rubefactaque sanguine tellus
2 Purpureum viridi genuit de cespite florem,
3 Littera communis mediis — viró
Inscripta est foliis. —

F I N I S.



(5)

A
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NON-FUROR.

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Explaining

The Characters in that PLAY,
with Observations thereon.

By Mr. JOSEPH GAT.

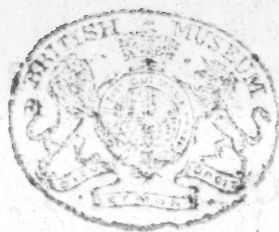
— *Moveat Cornicula risum,
Furtivis nudata coloribus.*

Hor.

The Third Edition.

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A

COMPLEAT KEY

TO THE

NON-*f*U R O R.

Explaining

The Characters in that PLAY,
with Observations thereon.



THE late Earl of *Shaftesbury* in his
Essay upon Enthusiasm, * has a very
whimsical Thought concerning
the Methods made use of to op-
pose Christianity in its Infancy, and thinks he
could

A 2

* See, *Characteristicks*, &c. Vol. I. Page 29.

could have corrected the Politicks of the *Pagan Priesthood*, and defeated the Purpose of the Professors of the Gospel, by a more sure and certain Engine than any made use of by the Ancients. Whips and Racks, Fines and Imprisonments; nay, even Fire and Martyrdom were in his Opinion, poor Instruments of destroying that growing Sect: Wit and Satire, Farce and Ridicule, Play-House and Puppet-Show had more effectually done the Business, and answer'd the End of the Persecutors. Thus instead of fleaing *St. Bartholomew* Alive, had they but toss'd him in a Blanket before a *Mob-Audience* in a Theatre, that Saint, according to him perhaps, might have wanted a Place in the *Christian Calendar*. I take the liberty to observe, before I come to Mr. *Cibber*, that the Earl's Project was used with much more Wit and Invention than any Modern's, tho' never so arrogant in their Pretensions, can presume to be Masters of. There was a *Lucian* and a *Julian* in those Days, Wits of another stamp and superiour Parts, to the *Durveys* and *Cibbers*, the *Religious Comic* Writers of our Times.

The Reason why I take Notice of this Observation, is, that our Friend *Colley* seems to act upon the foregoing Principle, and
thinks

thinks Burlesque and Droll, proper Weapons to encounter those formidable Enemies the *Non-Jurors*.

In vain has the Press brought forth serious and labour'd Dissertations to prove the falsity of their Principles; in vain have our great *Divines* try'd the dint of Logic, the Evidences of History, the Practices of former Ages, these are but weak unconvincing Arguments, to the Powers of an incens'd Stage-Poet. We are like to have fine Reformation when the Theatre seconds the Pulpit, and the Church and Stage Artillery are both mounted together to batter down the strong holds of those *Sectaries*. I wish Mr. Cibber Joy of his Attempt, but am hugely afraid, that his Pen is not only an Improper, but will prove a very unsuccessful Adversary against *Schismatics*, and be very far from lessening the Number of the *Non-Jurors*, unless the Old Gentleman † in his own Play may pass for a Convert. Mirth, Laughter, and Noise, are as different things from *Conviction*, as Demonstration is from *Fiction*. And tho' it may please the World and the *Non-Jurors* too, to see a pretended one of their Sect expos'd

† Sir John Woodvil.

pos'd in the Person of *Colley Cibber*, yet it is no matter of Conviction to the Real and Sincere ones. If Mr. *Cibber* would be pleas'd to prove, or the Audience be so kind as to take it for granted, that *all Non-Jurors*, are like his in the Play; and Jesuits in disguise, then I will agree with him that they are justly put to the public shame of being discover'd and expos'd in the manner he has done in this Performance. In this I cannot but blame the Conduct of his Play, tho' as good a Friend as himself to the Government, for I hope the *Laws of the Land*, and those of *the Stage*, are not the same; and that one may prove the Rules of the latter to be broken, without any Affront to the former. I say then, if Mr. *Cibber's* Character were universally true, or could be suppos'd to be so of any Number of them Poetical Justice is done; but he that believes that, must have a Piercing Eye and a large Faith, and I am sure, contradict the Rules of Judging, which a great *Caesars* on one side has laid down. So much for the Impropriety of the whole; my next Business shall be to Remark on the Characters in the Play, and make the Author refund his stolen Goods to the Proprietors, or own the Theft without Blushing, and as he says in his own Epilogue

Boldly stand 'em all.

I expected, tho' we heard nothing of it either in the Prologue or Epilogue of this Play, (which are the usual Places where modest Borrowers own their Obligations) Mr. *Gibber* would at least have given us a Preface, to inform us how much he owes to *Moliere*, and other Writers. But to Rob publicly, as if no Injury had been done, or no one had perceiv'd it, is so gross an Affront to the Understanding of his Reader, as well as a Blunder in the Pillager, that none but an *Irish* Priest, or an *Irish* Poet would be guilty of. This Writer has been so long engag'd in putting a Cheat upon the World, by plundering the Works of his Betters, that it looks as if he thought he had a Privilege for it, or had been so long accustom'd to the Trade, that he fancied it as lawful to run *French* Poetry, as our *Woolers* on the Coast do to run *French* Wine or Brandy. I will not put him in Mind of his old Sins this way now, no more than I will of his Abuses of *Beaumont* and *Fletcher*, his outrages upon poor *Shakespear*, and his transferring whole Scenes from *Etherege*. He has enough to answer for in the present Case; and he must clear Accompts with *Moliere* before we part: For this Purpose I desire him to take a Review of the Persons in his own *Drama*, and those in the *Tartuffe*;

B

to

to bring Evidence Face to Face is the best way of Conviction, and so let him look at 'em in that Situation.

MOLIERE.

M E N.

Orgon, Husband to *Elmira*.
Damis, *Orgon*'s Son.
Valeria, in Love with *Mariana*.
Cleantes, Brother-in-law to *Orgon*.
Tartuffe, an Hypocrite.
Mr. Loyal, a Serjeant.
Laurence, *Tartuffe*'s Servant.

W O M E N.

Madam Pernelle, *Orgon*'s Mother.
Elmira, Second Wife to *Orgon*.
Mariana, Daughter to *Orgon*, in love with *Valerio*.
Dorina, Woman to *Mariana*.
Elphote, Woman to *Madam Pernelle*.

CIBBER.

M E N.

Sir John Woodvil.
Colonel Woodvil, his Son.
Mr. Heartly, in Love with *Maria*.
Doctor Wolf.
Charles, a Gentleman and Footman, in Love with *Maria*.
Mr. Loyal, a Messenger.

W O M E N.

Lady Woodvil, *Sir John*'s Second Wife.
Maria, Daughter to *Sir John*, in Love with *Heartly*, Woman to *Maria*.

It is common with Plagiaries as with other Thieves, to alter and disguise the Goods they Steal for fear of the Discovery of the Owner ; and so here is *Molieres* true Sterling, clipt by the Hands of the

[II]

ingenious *Cibber*; a few Letters eras'd, but yet the original Stamp so plain, 'tis easy to see to whom the Impression belongs. *Moliere*, to support the Character of his *Hypocrite*, has exceeded his Imitator in the Number of Persons introdu'd; and yet 'tis evident, that *Cibber's* lessening the Number, is only crowding Two Characters into One, and when he has left any absolutely out, he has done it without Reason or Necessity.

For Instance, *Orgon* — is plainly Sir *John Woodvil*, the same easy, credulous, bigoted Creature; only *Cibber* has honour'd him with Knighthood, and given him a Title to justify his Folly.

Damis — is Colonel *Woodvil*, but prudently enough made an Officer, in Compliment to the Gentlemen of the Army; who, I agree with Mr. *Cibber*, deserve all the good Things he says of them, and speak much better Things for themselves than he can for them.

Valerio, — is Mr. *Heartly*, just as curious, as jealous as the other, tho', I believe, we shall find Mr. *Cibber* has miss'd some Beauties in his Character, in order to heighten his *Coquette*.

Cleanthes, — Brother-in-law to *Orgon*, — is left out in the *Non-juror*, for no good Reason that I know of; for it would have heighten'd the Bigotry of Sir *John* to be deaf to an Equal, as well as to his Inferiours, his Son and Daughter.

Tartuffe, — is too plain to be deny'd to be the Original of the *Non-juror*, tho', when we come to examine the Particulars of his Expression, it will appear that *Moliere* has far the Advantage in following of Nature.

Laurence, — is *Charles*, only there is more probability in the *French*; but indeed, in Mr. *Cibber's* Play, he is the dullest, heaviest Fellow that ever appear'd: And even the sprightliness of *Maria's* Character cannot set him off: The Waiting-Woman and the Footman are crowded together in his Part.

The Saintly old Woman, *Madam Pernelle* is happily introduc'd by *Moliere*; her Kindness to *Tartuffe* being natural enough to influence her Son farther in his Favour; but Mr. *Cibber* did not want an old Woman to strengthen the Bigotry of her weak Son and therefore has made that Son a very, old Woman

Woman ; and Sir *John* in the *English*, is *Orgon*, and his *Mother* too in the *French*.

There is no Difference of Character in *Elmira* and *Lady Woodvil*.

Now for the Top-Person of this *Drama*, the dearly-belov'd Coquet, *Maria*. This, *Moliere* has turn'd with great Delicacy, and without the least Offence to good Manners ; but as she stands in the *Non-juror*, I can't see to what Class of Females she belongs ; and in the Course of our Remarks, we shall find her uttering such Words as only suit the Ladies of the *Play-House-Passage*, where, perhaps, the Author might pick up her Character.

Here now is a fair Accompt of *Debtor* and *Creditor* between *Moliere* and *Cibber*, and I leave any one to judge upon the Balance, (strokes of Satire excepted) whether he is not indebted to *Moliere*, just his whole *Play*. Let *Colley* go now and hang up the Trophies he has won ; for he has Conquer'd, Ravag'd, and Spoil'd with a high Hand, and done such Execution upon the poor *French* Author, as will make his Name Memorable to our *English* Posterity. *Fælix Prædo !* Happy Robber ! said *Lucan* of *Alexander* the Great ; and I hope I need not beg

beg Pardon for comparing *Cibber* to him, since his Friends have set him above *Shakespeare*. As long as the *Annals of the Flying-Post* last, (and Mr. *Cibber* has taken Care that they shall last something longer than they could have expected, by ingrafting Part of them into his Play) *Shakespeare* and *Cibber* will be found mention'd together. I cannot charge the Author of the *Non-juror* with writing that notable Panegyrick upon himself; but when I think of *Shakespeare's* being reckon'd a good Poet for the Time he liv'd in, and compar'd with the Improvements of *Cibber*, it puts me in Mind of the Impudence of *Noll Bluff* in the Play, who, upon comparing himself with the Heroes of Antiquity, says, that *Hannibal was a very pretty Fellow for those Times, but nothing at all to him.*

I am here tempted to draw a Parallel between these two incomparable Poets; but *Shakespeare* is dead, and can receive no Benefit from it, and Mr. *Cibber's* living Modesty will not allow me to Shock him with his own Praise: But I had forgot that he had borrow'd all this Play, and therefore recommend that Task to himself, since, as Sir *Samuel Take* said, upon his Translation of *The Adventures of Five Hours*,

A mo
own.

Ou
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† Vi

A modest Man may commend what is not his own.

Our next Business is to enquire, how Mr. Cibber has conducted the Characters of his Play; with what difference, either for the Better or Worse, from *Moliere*: In the *French* Author, the main Part, that of the *Hypocrite*, is much better open'd and prepar'd, than in the *Non-juror*; the *Mother-in-law* in the very first Scene, talks kindly and favourably of him; the Aversions of the rest of the Family are signify'd in the next; the two following ones are wholly taken up in *Orgon's* Description and Admiration of him. I shall transcribe this Account, as it is utter'd by the *Bigot*, for the Reader's Satisfaction. *Orgon* speaks thus of him to his Brother *Cleanthes*, †

Org. Brother, you'd be charm'd if you knew
 " him, and your Joys wou'd never be at
 " an End. 'Tis a Man—— who —— a
 " Man—— a Man—— in a Word, who-
 " ever follows his Rules, tastes of profound
 " Peace, and looks upon the World as Dirt.
 " He unbinds the Soul from all sensual
 " Affections; and I cou'd behold Brother,
 " Chil-

† Vid. *Tartuffe*, ou *L'Imposteur*. Act I. Sc. V.

“ Children, Mother, and Wife, die with-
 “ out caring that. [Snapping his Fingers.]

“ *Clean.* Are these Sentiments humane,
 “ Brother?

“ *Org.* Oh! if you had but seen him as I
 “ did first, you’d have lov’d him as I do.
 “ He came every Day to Church with a
 “ compos’d Mien, and kneell’d with both
 “ Knees just against me : He attracted the
 “ Eyes of the whole Assembly by the Ar-
 “ dor wherewith he put up his Prayers to
 “ Heaven ; he sigh’d, run into Rapturure,
 “ and every Moment with Humility kiss’d
 “ the Ground ; and, when the Service was
 “ over, he came before me, to offer me
 “ Holy Water at the Door. Being inform’d
 “ by his Man, (who imitated him in every
 “ Thing) both of his Indigence and his Me-
 “ rit, I made him Presents ; but he wou’d
 “ always modestly have return’d me Part of
 “ ’em again ; *’tis too much*, says he, *too*
 “ *much by half, I don’t deserve your Pity* ; and
 “ when I refus’d to take it again, he went
 “ and gave it to the Poor in my Sight. In
 “ short, Heaven prompted me to take him
 “ Home, and since that Time, every Thing
 “ seems to prosper in my House. He re-
 “ prehends every Body, and takes an ex-

“ tremen-

"treme Interest even in my Wife her self.
 "He tells me of those that Ogle her, and
 "appears ten Times more jealous of her
 "than I am. But you won't believe how
 "far his Zeal extends; he thinks the least
 "Trifle a Sin; a Thing of nothing is al-
 "most sufficient to scandalize him; inso-
 "much, that t'other Day he was angry
 "with himself for having taken a Flea as
 "he was praying, and in his Passion kil-
 "ling it.

Here we see by what Disguise of seeming
 Sanctity he first stole into the Gentleman's
 Heart and Family, and how likely he was
 to maintain his Grouud by it by the Positive-
 ness of a bigotted Temper; and so may
 very easily expect all those Consequences
 which are made naturally to follow from
 Ignorance deluded by Dissimulation. Mr.
 Cibber on the contrary, has pick'd up a
 Non-juror we don't know where, has brought
 him into a Family we don't know how;
 made him absolute Lord and Master for
 no Reason but a pretended Agreement in
 Principles, which is neither *sufficient*, *pro-*
bable, nor (without making a Fool of a
 Character which he draws for a Man of
 Sense) *practicable*. We have no Hints what
 Wind brought Dr. Wolfe to Sir John's before
 C the

the third Act ; and, as I before said, the Influence he has over him from the Beginning, is ill-grounded ; and, he shou'd have been describ'd, as having told of a pretended Persecution of himself, bearing that Persecution with Christian Courage, and keeping on a great Disguise of Sanctity to draw the Eyes of Compassion upon him and so by degrees make way for his Sway in the Family. Such a Conduct had carry'd an Air of Probability ; but I can't guess at any one Reason in Mr. Cibber's first Act for the Doctor's being Director-General of the whole House, but *that it appears he has laid with my Lady's Glove and Slipper, and seen more of Mrs. Mary than any one ought to see except her Husband.*

Since I have mention'd these two luscious Thoughts, I desire the Reader wou'd look at 'em in Mr. Cibber's Language. The Colonel says to Heartly, † ——— *She lost one of her Slippers t'other Day, (by the Way she has a mighty pretty Foot) and what do you think was become of it ?*

Heart. *You puzzle me.*

† See, The Non-juror, pag. 12. line 17.

Col. I gad, this love-sick Money had stole it for a private Play-Thing, and one of the House-Maids, when she clean'd his Study, found it there with one of her old Gloves in the Middle of it.

Heart. A very proper Relique to put him in Mind of his Devotions to Venus.

This Passage is humbly recommended to the Author of *Onania*, to be inserted by way of Appendix to the next Edition of his Book.

The other Passage of furious Obscenity comes out of the Mouth of the lovely Maria; it seems the Doctor had surpriz'd her at a very odd Juncture: The leading Questions to the Description, are as follow,

Col. Prithee, Sister, what has the Fellow done to you?

Heart. I beg you to tell us, Madam.

Maria. Nay no great Matter —— but I was sitting carelessly in my Dressing Room — a — a fastening my Garter with my Face just towards the Door, and this impudent Cur, without the least Notice, comes bounce in upon me —— and

*my devilish Hoop hap'ning to bitch in the Chair,
I was an Hour before I could get down my
Petticoats. **

Here is a notable Stroke of *Aretine* for you, the Curtain drawn, and the naked *Venus* expos'd ; and what can we think the Doctor did during the Hour the Petticoat was in suspense ; no doubt, according to the Modesty of his Character, he stood contemplating and blessing the Works of his Creator.

But perhaps I do wrong to insist upon such Trifles as these ; the Town in general being as apt to swallow them as Mr. Cibber to write them ; and to strip our Comedies now a-Days of those Beauties, is to leave them quite naked ; barren even of the least Pretence to fashionable Dialogue.

To go on with the *Non-juror* ; if the Basis upon which it is founded, (as I think has been prov'd) be highly improbable, the dependant Characters sink of Course, or at best are no more than so many lesser Absurdities tack'd to a great one, That a *Puritan* has acted in the Manner *Moliere* makes his *Hypocrite*, we have had hundreds of Evidences : And the Character therefore is at the Choice of any Comic-Poet to be vilify'd

*See *The Non-juror*, pag. 15, l. 17.

and expos'd. But how the poor Shift of making a *Non-juror* a *Jesuit* in Disguise, without any Instance of a similar Fact, will come off with the Criticks, I know not: For my own Part, I will engage to prove by the same Arguments which shall make that appear, that Mr. *Cibber* himself is a *Jesuit*: But, it may be reply'd, is not a Comic-Poet at Liberty to invent? Yes, but he is not to paulm Nonsense and Contradictions upon us. But it avails nothing to argue in this Case, he has gain'd his Point.

*Gestit enim Nummum in loculos demittere
posthac
Securus —*

The second *Act*, has indeed some Merit in it, as it exposes the general Enemies of the Government; but to confine it to the *Non-jurors* merely, was very kind in the Author; and therefore I imagine this *Act* did not want Correction; the whole of the Sense and Conduct here, are *Moliere's*; the Coquetry is somewhat brighten'd, but Dr. *Wolf's* Catalogue of Expences is entirely owing to the most ingenious Authors of the *Flying* and *St. James's Post*; except that very humane Wish in the midst of it, which is acknowledg'd to be the Spirit of Mr. *Cibber*.

Cibber. Methinks his own Description of *Maria's* Compassion to *Charles*, might have touch'd him a little, unless he is *Witty* as she was *Merciful*, only because they lov'd melancholy Stories, of all Things.

The main of the third *Act*, and especially the beautiful Scene between Lady *Woodvill* and Dr. *Wolf*, is all, *Elmira* and *Tartuffe*, with this difference, that *Moliere's* *Puritan* talks like himself, but *Cibber's* *Non-juror* quite out of Character, and exactly like a *Puritan*; which, by the bye, was Reason enough for his being suspected long before. This Mr. *Cibber* seems to be aware of, and therefore makes a pitiful Excuse for it in the second *Act*, (*Page* 21.) In short, he has put all *Tartuffe's* Sentiments, nay, even his Words into *Wolf's* Mouth; which is as absurd as if he was to make a *Quaker* talk like a *Beau*, or a *Free-Thinker* like a *Bishop*. Nay, he has gone farther, and us'd the very *Fanatical Cant*; for I would fain ask him, where he got the Word *Joyousness*, and the fine Phrase of — *Basking in the diffusive Beams of Beauty*,—unless from *Burgefs* or *Bradbury*. Will the *Dissenters* thank him for this? Or think it a Compliment to have a *Non-juror* baited in the Cloak of a *Puritan*.

I am

I am weary of persuing him thro' all the *Acts* as I have done in the three First ; searching for stol'n Goods is but a troublesome Office, and I am contented, since I have found enough to ascertain the Theft and the Proprietor. 'Tis left to the Curiosity of the Reader to make a farther Comparison, by which he will find that he ends as he begins, not like the *Converts* in his Play, since the very *Catastrophe* is borrow'd too. If the Author has Vanity enough to think he merits the Applause given from Accident, more than the Justice of his *Drama*, and can think himself happy in the Spoils of a good Writer, he has more of the Player's *Imagination* in him than the Poet's *Judgment*. I desire him to apply these four Lines of the Duke of *Buckingham* to himself. *

*'Tis true, the Ancients we may rob with ease,
But who with that sad shift himself can please
Without an Actor's Pride ? A Player's Art
Is above his, who writes a borrow'd Part.*

But perhaps the Motto to his own Play may be as proper ; and for his Benefit I shall translate it into *English*.

—Pulchra

I am

* *Essay on Poetry.*

— *Pulchra Laverna*
Da mihi falere ; da Justum, Sanctumque
videri,
Noctem Peccatis, & Fraudibus objice
bem.

Laverna, lovely Goddess of Deceit,

Grant me the happy Privilege to Cheat

Let all my Actions seem to outward View

Devoutly Pious, and sincerely true ;

My Frauds in Hypocritic Cloak disguise

And cast a Mist before the Reader's Eye

And now, perhaps the Town may be
 curious enough to enquire who are meant
 by the Characters in this Play of the Non-
 juror.

Sir *John Woodvil* is generally attributed to Mr. *H—y* of *C—be*.

The *Colonel* is Mr. *M—*, a certain *Whig* Relation of his.

Mr. *Heartly*, a certain Writing-Knight.

Dr. *Wolf*, either *Paul*, who was hang'd, *Welton*, who lost his living, or *Howell*, in *Newgate*.

Charles, is suppos'd to be a young Nobleman, Son to the Duke of *A—l*.

Lady *Woodvil*, Lady *Betty C—*.

Maria, is said to be Miss *H—m*, on whom a late famous Ballad was made by an eminent Hand, call'd *Flurtation*.

The good old Countess of *Night* and *Day*, the Lady *Br—l*.

Mr. *Defeazance* of *Grays-Inn*, Mr. *H—d*.

Aaron-Sham the Jew, Mr. *Francia*, try'd for High-Treason, and acquitted.

Sir *Harry Foxhound* — Mr. *Townley*.
Henry Conscience — The Foreman of his Jury.
Abel Perkin — *Abel Roper*. *Humfrey Staunch*. — The *Highgate* Cobler.

P. S. Mr. *Cibber* is desired in the next Edition of his **PLAY** to leave out the following Sentence — “ *It is a hard Thing to be forc'd to Petition for that which might have been Ones BIRTH-RIGHT.* ”

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of the *Non-Juror*.

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6
A

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To the New Farce, call'd

Three Hours after Marriage.

With an Account of the AUTHORS.

By E. PARKER, *Philomath.*

*Why on these Authors shou'd the Criticks fall?
They've writ a Farce, but shown no Wit at all.
The Play is damn'd, and Gay wou'd fain evade it,
He cries Damn Pope and Arbuthnott who made it;
But the Fools-Cap that on the Stage was thrown,
They take by Turns, and wear it as their own.*

Prol.

L O N D O N :

Printed, and Sold by E. Berrington, at the Cross-
Keys near Essex-Street, without Temple-Bar.
1717.

(Price Six Pence.)

COMPLETE KEY

to the New France called

Three Hours after Marriage.

With an Account of the AUTHORS.

By E. PARKER, Esq.



L O M D O M :

Printed, and Sold by J. Livingston, at the Old-
Key, near Essex-Street, without Temple-Bar.
1777.

(Price Six Pence)

To Mr. LINTOTT.

Mr. Lintott,

THIS KEY could be inscrib'd to no one so justly as your self.

Without Flattery, I now join with you in the Judicious Observation you made before this *Farce* came upon the Stage ; you gave it as your Opinion, *That it would Surprise the whole Town, and that it was impossible to sit an Act without Laughing at it.*

I have nothing farther to add, but wish you much Joy of your Bargain, and hope your Authors will oblige the Publick with some more of their Dramatical Productions.

Your humble Servant

E. Parker.

A
K E Y

To the *Farce* call'd
Three Hours after Marriage.

Page 1. The *ADVERTISEMENT.*

MR. Gay's two Friends, who (*he says*), will not allow him the Honour of having their Names join'd with His, are, Mr. Pope, and Dr. Arbuthnot, who constantly attended the Rehearsal of this Surprising Performance, and both came in Conjunction on Monday the 21st Day of January 1716-17, between the Hours of Eleven and Twelve of the Clock, in the Forenoon, to Mr. Lintott's, to enquire how it Sold; but to their great Mortification, and his Misfortune, found poor Barnaby † in a Melancholly

† One of Mr. Lintott's Christian Names.

lancholly Posture, scratching his Head, and not one Customer in the Shop.

A C T I.

Fossile, — *Gay* gives out, to be *Dr. W—d—d*, and adds, that the Reason of this Denomination, was, because that Gentleman enquir'd of two Labourers whom he saw at Work at *Kensington Gravel-Pits*, whether in their digging, they had discover'd any *Fossils*. But, 'tis well known, these *Malicious Triflers* are not worthy to carry the Books of that elaborate Gentleman after Him.

Mrs. Townley, — the Wife of another Eminent Physician.

Page 3. Line 28. *Phæbe Clinket*.

This Character is a very silly Imitation of *Bays* in the *Rehearsal*, but is design'd to Ridicule the Countess of *W—n—ea*, who, *Pope* says, is so much given to writing of Verses, that she keeps a Standish in every Room of her House, that she may immediately clap down her Thoughts, whether upon *Pindaric*, *Heroic*, *Pastoral* or *Dramatical* Subjects.

This *Punning* Character was drawn by *Pope*, and, I think, the best way of doing him Justice, is to transcribe it.

Instead

A
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Instead

*Instead of making Puddings, she makes Pastorals; or when she would be raising Paste, is raising some Ghost in a New Tragedy. In short, (says Fossile) my House is haunted by Broken Booksellers, * &c. In reading this Passage Bernard could not refrain from Tears, to think that Pope should bring him into the Farce as a Broken Bookseller, after having receiv'd so many Pounds of his Money; and with some Concern, thus broke forth to his Wife and only Son, This ungrateful Man! If ever I should do otherways than well, it is oweing to his HOMER by G—d.*

Page 4. Line 17. Clink. What are the Labours of the Back to the Labours of the Brain?

'Tis to be hop'd the Reader will observe these admirable Puns.

Page 5. Line Clink. Hold, I Conceive. Conceive, was a Word mightily us'd by the Dutchess of Newcastle, who writ several great Books both Philosophical and Poetical.

Page 6. Line 17. The Boy's Stammering, is a Banter on Durfey.

Page 9 and 10. Mrs. Colloquintida's Dejection of Appetite. — The Colonel's Spitting. — Lady Varnish's Pimple. — Mrs. Pru-

* Mr. Lintott's other Christian Name.

Prudentia's Tympany. ——— *Lady Giddy's Vapours,* ——— and *Miss Chitty* at the Boarding School, are scurrilous Reflections upon several Persons of Worth. And *Gay* justly deserves a Cudgel, for abusing a Lady in the next Page, who took him in when he was destitute of Meat, Drink and Cloaths, *viz.*

Page 11. Line 1. The Countess of *Hippokekoana* is the Dutches of *M—b*. To whom *Gay* was a Serving-man, and never hop'd for any higher Preferment than holding a Plate at a side Board, till *Pope* took him into his Protection. *Gay* was born of honest, tho' mean Parentage, who by their Thrift and Industry made a shift to save wherewithal to Apprentice him out to a Stuff Man, but at the Expiration of his Time, being taken from that employ, he became *Amatruensis* to *Aaron Hill*, Esq; when that Gentleman set on Foot the Project of answering Questions in a Weekly Paper, call'd, *The British Apollo*. Being dismiss'd from Mr. *Hill's* Service, he was taken into the Family of the Lady *Monmouth*, whom he has thought fit to Banter, for no other Reason, but because it seems 'tis her Custom to take a Vomit once or twice a Week. It was upon his Dismission from this Lady's Service, that *Pope* took him to learn the Art of *Rimeing*, and *Gay* is now nam'd the *Jabberer*.

Page 14. *Plotwell's* fathering *Clinket's* Play, is levell'd at *Cibber*, and the Satire bites, when he is told, *That a Parrot and a Player can utter human Sounds, but neither of them are allow'd to be Judges of Wit.* This is hard upon poor *Colley*, who has oblig'd the Public with, *The Bulls and the Bears a Farce.* *Perolla* and *Izadora*, An original Tragedy of his own Composing; he has also Naturaliz'd the *Cid* of *Corneille* into an *Englisch Heroick Daughter.* Which will see the Light, as soon as Mr. *Pope* has touch'd it up, who has it now for that Purpose, the Diction being somewhat obnubilated.

Page 17. Line 27. *Sir Tremendous* the Critick, is, Mr. *Dennis*, who writ a Tragedy call'd *Iphigenia.*

Page 20. and 21. The Players giving their Opinion, is a banter upon the Managers of the Theatre, and they have really done *Cibber* Justice.

The *Philosopher* who has prov'd that *Stones* were dissolv'd at the *Deluge*, is, the learned Dr. *W—d—d*, and the Reader will find that Point profoundly discuss'd, in his Book intitul'd, "An Essay toward a Natural History of the Earth; and Terrestrial Bodies especially Minerals: As also of the Seas, Rivers, and Springs. With an Account of the Universal Deluge: And the Effects it had upon the Earth."

Page 22. The Reflections upon Mr. Lee, and Mr. Otway, in this Page, are both Impudent and Ridiculous. The worst Line in either of those *Authors*, being infinitely superior to the Production of these Stage Buffoons.

Page 23. Sir Tremendous to Clinket. Between you and I Madam, this Gentleman (Plotwell alias Cibber) knows nothing of Poetry, but is a damn'd Writer.

Probatum est.

Page 28. A C T II.

The Letters sent to Fossile are very stupid, and the contrivance of the Husband's Jealousie mistaken from, *The Imaginary Cuckold*, of Moliere.

Page 39. The Character of Dr. Lubomirski is copied from a Farce, (or Spanish Comedy as Gay will have it) call'd the *Anatomist* or *Sham-Doctor*, but spoil'd rather than Improv'd.

Page 42. Lubomirski's Liquor for the Tryal of Virginity. Is an Incident stole out of an old Play, Printed in 1653. (somewhat applicable to these Scribblers) call'd, "The Changeling, a Tragedy. Written by Thomas Middleton, assisted by Mr. Rowley. The Foundation of this Play may be found in the Story of *Alsemero*, and *Beatrice Joanna*, in Reynolds's

*Reynolds's God's Revenge against Murder, Book 1. Hist. 4 **.

Page 50, and 51. *Fossile's* putting his Family to the Trial with *Lubomirski's* Drops, is a wretched Absurdity, here is a Stage full of People, who have no Business in the Play, brought in by Head and Shoulders, only for the introducing this charming Definition.

Clink. How do the Platonists and Cartesians differ Uncle?

Foss. The Platonists are for Ideas, the Cartesians for Matter and Motion.

This Vile Obscenity is call'd Humour; but more of this her after. The *Hoop-Petticoat* at the Close of this Act, is but a poor Incident, tho' the only one in the whole Farce.

Page 56. ACT III.

Now for a Scene of Love, the like never shown on any Stage before.

Page 57. Line 19. Enter *Mummy* in Heroicks.

Mum. Thus trav'ling far from his Egyptian Tomb.

Thy Anthony salutes his Cleopatra.

* See, *Mr. Langbaine's Account of the Dramatick Poets*, 8vo. pag. 371.

Lady. *Thus Cleopatra, in desiring Arms,
Receives her Anthony.— (clasping Mum.)*

Mum. *My Arms, Madam, are ready to break
their Paste-board Prison to embrace you.*

Lady. *Not so hasty. Thou shalt divert the
Doctor's Company, and be a Father to his
Children. I will bring Thee Legs of Pullets,
Remnants of Tarts, and Fragments of Disserts.
Thou shalt be fed like Bell and the Dra-
gon,*

Mum. *But Madam; before you entertain me
as your Mummy in ordinary, you ought to be ac-
quainted with my Abilities to discharge that Of-
fice. Let me slip off this habit of Death, and you
shall find I have some Symptoms of Life.*

[The Reader is desir'd to take Notice how
cleverly Death and Life are brought in]

*Thus Jove within the Milk white Swan
Compress'd his Leda.* [here Mum hugs the Lady]

Enter Crocodile in Heroicks, to match his
Brother Mum and gain the Lady's Heart.

Croc. *Thus Jove within the Serpents scaly
Folds, Twin'd round the Macedonian Queen.*

Lady. *How unlucky is this! [Aside] Nay,
I don't know but I may have Twenty Lovers in
this Collection. You Snakes, Sharks, Mon-
keys, and Man-Tygers, speak and put in your
Claim before it is too late.*

Croc. *Mr. Mummy your humble Servant;
the Lady is pre-engag'd.*

Mum. Pray Mr. Crocodile let the Lady make her own Choice.

Lady. Well! Ye pair of Egyptian Lovers, agree this Matter between you, and I will acquit my self like a Person of Honour.

Mum. Madam! If I don't love you above all your sex, may I be banish'd the Studies of Virtuoso's; and smoak'd like Dutch Beef in a Chimney.

Croc. If I don't Love you more than that Stale Mummy, may I never more be proclaim'd at a Show of Monsters, by the sound of a Glass Trumpet——

Mum. May I be sent to 'Pothecary's Hall, and beat up into Venice-Treacle, for the Fleet and the Army if this H E A R T——

Croc. May I be stuf't with Straw, and given to a Mountebank, if this S O U L——

[Observe the Heart and Soul of the Lovers, Gentlemen]

Mum. Madam, I am a human Creature. Taste my Balsamick Kifs.

Croc. A Lover in Swadling Clouts! What is his Kifs to my Embrace?

Mum. Look upon me, Madam. See how I am embroider'd with Hieroglyphicks.

Croc. Consider my beautiful Row of Teeth.

Mum. My Balmy Breath.

Croc. The strong Joints of my Back.

Mum. My Erect Stature.

Croc.

Croc. *My long Tail* [here *Croc.* shakes his Tail.]

Lady. *Such a Contest of Beauty! How shall I decide it.*

Mum. *Take me out of my Shell, Madam, and I'll make you a present of the Kernel.*

Croc. *Then I must be upon a Level with him, and be uncrocodil'd.*

Lady. *Keep both of you your Shapes, and we are in no fear of a surprize from the Doctor: If you uncase, his Presence would undo us.*

Such is the polite Dialogue of Messieurs *Arbuthnott*, *Pope*, and *Gay*, and the latter, modestly gives out, that for the fine *Entendre* and *Humour* in this Scene, the very *Ladies of Honour* rais'd him Four Hundred Guineas, to divide between him and his Partners, as some small Encouragement for them to proceed in their *Dramatical Studies*.

Page 61. Line 16. *The Haft of an Antediluvian Trowel, unquestionably the Tool of one of the Babel Masons.*

[This is according to our
Scotch Author's Chronology.]

Now for a little of our *Highlander's Skill* in *Surgery*, the Art to which he was bred at *Glasgow*.

The Formation of the Muscular Parts of the Visage, is a Sign of the Male Sex, as the *Projection of the Hip*, is of the Female.

[This

[This is contrary to the Opinion of
Wiseman, Gibson, or Comper.]

Page 62. Line 6. The Mummy by his Pyra-
mid and Pickle, thought to secure to himself
Death Immortal.

[*This is a new Thesis, and may do
more harm than either Dr. Cow-
ard's, or Mr. Dodwell's Book on
the Mortality of Human Souls.*]

Fossile to Clinket.

Fos. What mean you by these Gambols?
This Crocodile, this Mummy.

Clink. Only a little Mummery Uncle.

'Tis high time to Conclude, and I hearti-
ly beg the Reader's pardon for reciting so
much of this Trumpery, which is all stole
from a *Farce*, in the *Theatre Italien*, call'd,
The Mummies of Ægypt.





A TRUE

CHARACTER of Mr. POPE.

The SECOND EDITION.

S I R,

I Have read over the Libel, which I received from you the Day before Yesterday. Yesterday I received the same from another Hand, with this Character of the Secret Author of so much stupid Calumny.

That he is one, whom God and Nature have mark'd for want of Common Honesty, and his own Contemprible Rhimes for want of Common Sense, that those Rhimes have found great Success with the Rabble, which is a Word almost as comprehensive as Mankind; but that the Town, which supports him, will do by him, as the Dolphin did by the Shipwreck'd Monkey, drop him as soon as it finds him out to be a Beast, whom it fondly now mistakes for a Human Creature. 'Tis, says he, a very little, but very comprehensive Creature, in whom all Contradictions meet, and all Contrarieties are reconcil'd; when at one and the same time, like the Ancient Centaurs, he is a Beast and a Man, a Whig and a Tory, a virulent Papist, and yet forsooth, a Pillar of the Church of England, a Writer at one and the same time, of GUARDIANS and of EXAMINERS, an assertor of Liberty and of the Dispensing Power of Kings; a Rhimester without Judgment or Reason, and a Critick without Common Sense; a Jesuiti-

B

cal

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cal

cal Professor of Truth, a base and foul Pretender to Candour; a Barbarous Wretch, who is perpetually boasting of Humanity and Good Nature, a lurking way-laying Coward, and a Stabber in the Dark; who is always pretending to Magnanimity, and to sum up all Villains in one, a Traytor-Friend, one who has betrayed all Mankind, and seems to have taken his great Rule of Life from the following Lines of *Hudibras*.

*For 'tis easier to Betray
Than Ruin any other way,
As the Earth is soonest undermin'd,
By vermin Impotent and Blind.*

He is a Professor of the worst Religion, which he laughs at, and yet has most inviolably observ'd the most execrable Maxim in it, *That no Faith is to be kept with Hereticks*. A Wretch, whose true Religion is his Interest, and yet so stupidly blind to that Interest, that he often meets her, without knowing her, and very grossly Affronts her. His Villainy is but the natural Effect of his want of Understanding, as the sowerness of Vinegar proceeds from its want of Spirit; and yet, says my Friend, notwithstanding that Shape and that Mind of his, some Men of good Understanding, value him for his Rhimes, as they would be fond of an *Assenigo*, that could sing his part in a Catch, or of a *Baboon* that could whistle *Walsingham*. The grosser part of his gentle Readers believe the Beast to be more than Man; as Ancient Rusticks took his Ancestors for those Demy-Gods they call *Fauns* and *Satyrs*.

This was the Character, which my Friend gave of the Author of this miserable Libel, which immediately made me apprehend that it was the very same Person, who endeavour'd to expose you in a *Billingsgate* Libel, at the very time that you were doing him a Favour at his own earnest Desire, who attempted to undermine Mr. *PHILIPS* in one of his *Guardians*, at the same time that the *Crocodile* smil'd on him, embrac'd him, and called him Friend, who wrote a Prologue in praise of *CATO*, and teas'd *Lintott* to publish Remarks upon it; who at the same time, that he openly extoll'd Sir *Richard Steele* in the highest manner, secretly publish'd the Infamous Libel of Dr. *Andrew Tripe* upon him; who, as he is in Shape a *Monkey*, is so in his every Action; in his senseless Chattering, and his merry

merry Grimaces, in his doing hourly Mischief and hiding himself, in the variety of his Ridiculous Postures, and his continual Shiftings, from Place to Place, from Persons to Persons, from Thing to Thing. But whenever he Scribbles, he is emphatically a *Monkey*, in his awkward servile Imitations. For in all his Productions, he has been an *Imitator*, from his Imitation of VIRGIL'S *Bucolics*, to this present Imitation of HORACE. —His *Pastorals* were writ in Imitation of VIRGIL, —His *Rape of the Lock* of BOILEAU, —His *Essay on Criticism*, of the present Duke of Buckingham, and of my Lord Roscommon. —His *Windsor-Forest* of Sir John Denham, —His *Ode upon St. Cecilia* of Mr. Dryden, and —His *Temple of Fame*, of CHAUCER.

Thus for fifteen Years together this Ludicrous Animal has been a constant *Imitator*. Yet he has rather mimick'd these great Genius's, than he has Imitated them. He has given a False and a Ridiculous Turn to all their good and their great Qualities, and has, as far as in him lies, Burlesqu'd them without knowing it. But after having been for fifteen Years as it were an *Imitator*, he has made no Proficiency. His first Imitations, tho' bad, are rather better than the Succeeding, and this last Imitation of HORACE, the most execrable of them all.

For as a Dog that turns the Spit,
Bestirs himself and plies his Feet
To climb the Wheel, but all in vain,
His own Weight brings him down again,
And still he's in the self same place,
Where at his setting out he was,
So in the Circle of the Arts,
Does he Advance his natural Parts.

Hud.

If you should chance, Sir, to shew this LETTER to any of your Acquaintance who have perus'd his Senseless Calumnies, they may think perhaps that we follow his Example, and retort Slander upon him. I desire that you would have the Goodness to assure such, that in the Moral part of his Character, and all that relates to matter of Fact, there is no manner of Rhetorick us'd, all is exactly and literally true,

for

for which we appeal to those Poetical Persons, with whom we have been most conversant in *Covent-Garden*. We have always been of Opinion that he who invents, or pretends, or falsifies Matter of Fact, in order to slander any one, deserves an Infamous Punishment, and we have always had before our Eyes the following Verses out of *Horace*.

— *Absentem qui rodit amicum,
Qui non defendit alio culpante, solutos
Qui captat risus Hominum, famamque dicacis,
Fingere qui non visa potest, commissa tacere,
Qui nequit, hic niger est, hunc tu Romani.
Caveto, &c.*

As to what relates to the Person of this wretched Libeller, if in that there may be some trifling Exaggerations, yet even that is not design'd to Deceive or Impose upon any to whom you may happen to shew it, but is intended to lead them to an exact Knowledge of the Truth by a very little enlarging upon it.

But if any one appears to be concern'd at our upbraiding him with his Natural Deformity, which did not come by his own Fault, but seems to be the Curse of God upon him; we desire that Person to consider, that this little Monster has upbraided People with their Calamities and their Diseases which are either false or past, or which he himself gave them by administering Poison to them; we desire that Person to consider that Calamities and Diseases, if they are neither false nor past, are common to all Men; that a Man can no more help his Calamities and his Diseases, than a Monster can his Deformity; that there is no Misfortune, but what the Generality of Mankind are liable too; and that there is no one Disease, but what all the rest of Men are subject too; whereas the Deformity of this Libeller is Visible, Present, Lasting, Unalterable, and Peculiar to himself. 'Tis the [mark of God and Nature upon him, to give us warning that we should hold no Society with him, as a Creature not of our Original, nor of our Species. And they who have refus'd to take this Warning which God and Nature have given them, and have in spite of it, by a senseless Presumption, ventur'd to be familiar

miliar with him, have severely suffer'd for it, by his Perfidiousness. They tell me, he has been lately pleas'd to say, *That 'tis Doubtful if the Race of Men are the Offspring of Adam or of the Devil.* But if 'tis doubtful as to the Race of Men, 'tis certain at least, that his Original is not from Adam, but from the Devil. By his constant and malicious Lying, and by that Angel Face and Form of his, 'tis plain that he wants nothing but Horns and Tail, to be the exact Resemblance, both in Shape and Mind, of his Infernal Father. Thus, Sir, I return you Truth for Slander, and a just Satire for an Extravagant Libel, which is therefore ridiculously called an Imitation of Horace, you know very well, Sir, that the Difference between Horace, and such an Imitation of him, is almost Infinite; and I leave you to consider what Influence such an Imitation must have upon his Readers of both Kinds, both upon those who are acquainted with that Great Poet, and with those that know him not; how contemptible it must render Horace to the latter, and his Imitator to the former, who when they shall behold the Ghost of their old and their valued Friend, raised up before them, by this awkward Conjuror, in a Manner so ridiculously frightful, when they behold him thus miserably mangled, and reflect at once with Contempt and Horror, upon this Barbarous Usage of him, will not be able to refrain from exclaiming in the most vehement Manner.

Qualis adest, Quantum mutatus ab illo, &c.

They must think that their old and valued Friend had a Prophetick Spirit, and seem'd to foretel the Usage, which he has lately received from this Barbarian and his Brethren, when in the fourth Ode of his Third Book he cryed,

Visam Britannos Hospitibus feros.

But as for the other sorts of Readers, the Readers who have no knowledge of Horace, but from this contemptible Imitation; what must they think, Sir, of those great Men, who extol him, for the second Genius of the Roman-Empire, Illustrious for so many great Qualities which are to be found in him

* *The WORMS a Satire, Stanza 4.*

alone.

alone. Must they not look upon all his Admirers, as so many Learned Ideots, and upon the *Roman-Empire* it self, as a vast Nation of Fools.

You know very well, Sir, that as *Horace* had a firmness of Judgment, and a sureness and truth of Taste; he never once form'd a wrong Judgment to himself, either of the Actions of Men in general, or of the particular Worth and Merit of Authors; he had an Honour and a Rectitude of Soul, that would have oblig'd him to die a thousand times rather than to Write any thing against his Conscience.

Pejuque letbo flagitium timet.

He was capable indeed of being provok'd to expose either a Fool or a Knave, whom otherwise he might have suffer'd to have remain'd in Obscurity; but the most barbarous Usage of his most Malicious Enemy, could never urge him to slander that Enemy. From this Force and Clearness of his Understanding, and this Noble Rectitude of his Will, it has proceeded that all his Censures are like so many *Decrees*, that have been all affirm'd by Posterity, the only Supream Court of Judicature, for the Distribution of Fame and Infamy, from which Mankind can have no Appeal. That Supream, Impartial, Incorruptible Judicature, has the same Opinions of Persons and Things, and especially of Authors that he had. The same high Value for *Tibullus*, for *Pollio*, for *Varius*, for *Virgil*; and the same Contempt for *Bavius*, for *Mevius*, for *Crispinus*, for *Alpinus*, for *Fannius*, and for a Thousand more.

The same Justness and Fineness of Discernment and the same noble Rectitude of will, appear in the *French Satirist*, which make the most considerable Share of his Merit, and the most Distinguishing part of his Character, if we will believe what he says of himself, in his Admirable Epistle to *Monfieur SEIGNELEY*. You know, Sir, that what *Boileau* says there of himself is exactly true in Fact. The Persons whom he has attack'd in his Writings have been for the most part Authors and most of those Authors Poets. The Censures which he has pass'd on them have been confirm'd by all *Europe*. But at the same time that judicious Poet, has been as liberal of his Praise to his Contemporaries, who were excellent in their Kinds, as *Corneille*, *Racine*, *Moliere*, and *La Fontaine*; Nay, he

was

was generous enough to defend *Racine*, and to support and strengthen him, when a Clamorous croud of miserable Authors endeavoured to oppress him, as appears by his Admirable Epistle address'd to that Tragick Poer.

You, and I, both know very well, Sir, that there has been never wanting a Floud of such Authors, neither in *England* nor *France*, who being like this Imitator, in ev'ry Respect, the reverse of *Horace*, in Honour, in Discernment, in Genius; have always combin'd to attack any thing that has appear'd above their own dull Level, while they have hug'd and admir'd each other, Authors who have thought to be too hard for their Adversaries by opposing *Billingsgate* to Reason, and Dogmatical Assertion to Moral Demonstration; and who have been Ideots enough to believe that their Noise and Impudence could alter the Nature of Things, and the Notions of Men of Sense.

Of all these Libellers, the present Imitator is the most Impudent, and the most Incorrigible, who has lately pester'd and plagued the World with Five or Six Scandalous Libels in Prose, that are all of them at once so stupid and so Malicious, that Men of Sense are Doubtful, if they should attribute them to the Libellers Native Idiotism or to Accidental Madness.

In all these Libels, the cheif Objects of his Scandal and Malice, have been Persons of distinguish'd Merit and among these he has fallen upon none so foully as his Friends and Benefactors. Among these latter, he has attack'd no one so often, or with so much ridiculous, impotent Mallice, as Sir *Richard Blackmore*; who is Estimable for a thousand good and great Qualities. And what time has he chosen to do this. Why just after that Gentelman had laid very great Obligations on him; and just after he had oblig'd the World with, so many Editions of his Excellent *Poem* upon CREATION, which *Poem* alone is worth all the *Folios*, that this Libeller will ever write and which will render its Author the Delight and Admiration of Posterity. So that 'tis hard to determine whether this Libeller is more remarkable for his Judgment or his Gratitude.

I dare venture to affirm, that there is not an Author living so little Qualified for a Censurer as himself. I know nothing for which he is so ill Qualified as he is for Judg-
ing

ing unless it be for Translating HOMER. He has neither Taste nor judgment, but is, if you will pardon a Quibble, the very necessity of *Parnassus*; for he has none of the Poetical Laws; or if he has the Letter of any, He has it without the Spirit. Whenever he pretends to Criticise, I fancy I see *Sham-well* or *Cheatly* in the Squire of *Alsatia*, cutting a Sham or Banter to abuse some Bubble. The *Preface* is full of gross Errors, and he has shewn himself in it, a Dogmatical, Ignorant Impudent Second Hand Critick. As for the *Poem*, however he may cry up HOMER for being every where a *Græcian-Trumpeter* in the Original, I can see no *Trumpeter* in the *Translator*, but the King of *Spain's*. But since his Friends will alledge 'tis easie to say this, I desire it may go for nothing till I have so plainly prov'd it, that the most Foolish, and the most Partial of them shall not be able to deny it.

As for what they call his *Verses*, he has, like Mr. Bayes, got a notable knack of Rhiming and Writing smooth verse, but without either Genius or Good Sense, or any tolerable Knowledge of *English*, as I believe I shall shew plainly, when I come to the rest of his Imitations. As for his Translation of HOMER, I could never borrow it till this very Day, and design to read it over to Morrow; so that shortly you may expect to hear more of it. I will only tell you beforehand, that HOMER seems to me to be untranslatable in any Modern Language. That great Poet is just in his Desings, admirable in his Characters, and for the most part exact in his Reasoning and correct in his Noble Sentiments; but these are Excellencies, which may be already seen in the Prose Translations of Him.

The Qualities which so admirably distinguish HOMER from most other Writers, and which therefore a Translator in Verse is particularly oblig'd to show, because they cannot be shown in Prose, are the Beauty of his Diction, and the various Harmony of his Versification. But 'tis as Ridiculous to pretend to make these Shine out in *English* Rhimes, as it would be to Emulate upon a *Bag-pipe*, the Solemn and Majestick Thorough Bass of an *Organ*.

But you may suddenly expect more of this, if what I have already said, happens to entertain you.

LONDON

May 7. 1717.

I am

Sir,

Your, &c.

F I N I S.



To Mr. CIBBER.



Dear Colley.

THE Design of this Address, is only to
T express my Gratitude for a late signal
Favour obtain'd at your Hands, and it
has been no small concern to me that
I have not had an opportunity of do-
ing it sooner.

I likewise congratulate you upon the Royal-
ty you have experienc'd for your inimitable
Performance, — the Honour you receiv'd was so
great, that were it not recorded while it is fresh in
Memory, Posterity would hardly give into the Be-
lief that a Person of your Stamp shou'd be so much
admitted into the Presence, much less allow'd
to kiss the Hand of his SOVEREIGN.

The Character of *Peter Pyrate* in *Capt. Brevil's*
is so justly your due, that I dare say no one
can dispute your Title to that Denomination, who
is so little acquainted with your Writings.

I shall no longer expatiate upon your Talents in
this Place, having done you strict Justice in ano-
ther * and will always approve my self (what you
were to any Man living) sincerely;

Yours;

E. CURLE.

A

The Play is the Plot. A Comedy.

In the Lives of the English Dramatick Poets.

ing unless it be for Translating HOMER. He has neither Taste nor judgment, but is, if you will pardon a Quibble, the very necessity of *Parnassus*; for he has none of the Poetical Laws; or if he has the Letter of any, He has it without the Spirit. Whenever he pretends to Criticise, I fancy I see *Shamwell* or *Cheatly* in the Squire of *Alsatia*, cutting a Sham or Banter to abuse some Bubble. The Preface is full of gross Errors, and he has shewn himself in it, a Dogmatical, Ignorant Impudent Second Hand Critick. As for the Poem, however he may cry up HOMER for being every where a *Græcian*—*Trumpeter* in the Original, I can see no *Trumpeter* in the Translator, but the King of *Spain's*. But since his Friends will alledge 'tis easie to say this, I desire it may go for nothing till I have so plainly prov'd it, that the most Foolish, and the most Partial of them shall not be able to deny it.

As for what they call his Verses, he has, like Mr. Bayes, got a notable knack of Rhiming and Writing smooth verse, but without either Genius or Good Sense, or any tolerable Knowledge of *English*, as I believe I shall shew plainly, when I come to the rest of his Imitations. As for his Translation of HOMER, I could never borrow it till this very Day, and design to read it over to Morrow; so that shortly you may expect to hear more of it. I will only tell you beforehand, that HOMER seems to me to be untranslatable in any Modern Language. That great Poet is just in his Desings, admirable in his Characters, and for the most part exact in his Reasoning and correct in his Noble Sentiments; but these are Excellencies, which may be already seen in the Prose Translations of Him.

The Qualities which so admirably distinguish HOMER from most other Writers, and which therefore a Translator in Verse is particularly oblig'd to show, because they cannot be shown in Prose, are the Beauty of his Diction, and the various Harmony of his Versification. But 'tis as Ridiculous to pretend to make these Shine out in *English Rhimes*, as it would be to Emulate upon a *Bag-pipe*, the Solemn and Majestick Thorough Bass of an *Organ*.

But you may suddenly expect more of this, if what I have already said, happens to entertain you.

LONDON

May 7. 1717.

I am

Sir,

Your, &c.

F I N I S.



To Mr. CIBBER.



at Colley.

THE Design of this Address, is only to
T express my Gratitude for a late signal
Favour obtain'd at your Hands, and it
has been no small concern to me that
I have not had an opportunity of do-
ing it sooner.

I likewise congratulate you upon the Royal-
ty you have experienc'd for your inimitable
oration, — the Honour you receiv'd was so
great, that were it not recorded while it is fresh in
memory, Posterity would hardly give into the Be-
lief that a Person of your Stamp shou'd be so much
admitted into the Presence, much less allow'd
to kiss the Hand of his SOVEREIGN.

The Character of *Peter Pyrate* in Capt. *Breval's*
is so justly your due, that I dare say no one
can dispute your Title to that Denomination, who
is so little acquainted with your Writings.

I shall no longer expatiate upon your Talents in
this Place, having done you strict Justice in ano-
ther * and will always approve my self (what you
were to any Man living) sincerely;

Yours,

E. CURIEL.

A

The Play is the Plot. A Comedy.

In the Lives of the English Dramatick Poets.

PROLOGUE

To the *Non-Juror*.

Written by N. ROWE, *Esq* ;

Spoken by Mr. WILKS.

TO Night, ye *Whigs* and *Tories* both be safe,
Nor hope, at one another's Cost, to laugh
We mean to fouse old *Satan* and the *Pope* ;
They've no Relations here, nor Friends, we hope
A Tool of theirs supplies the Comic Stage
With just Materials for Satyrick Rage :
Nor think our Colours may too strongly paint
The stiff Non-Juring Separation Saint.
Good Breeding ne'er commands us to be civil
To those who give the Nation to the Devil ;
Who at our surest, best Foundation strike,
And hate our Monarch and our Church alike ;

PROLOGUE to the *Non-Juror*.

Our Church,--- which, aw'd with Reverential Fear,
scarcely the Muse presumes to mention here.
Long may She These her worst of Foes defy,
and lift her Mitred Head triumphant to the Sky:
While theirs --- But Satire silently disdains
to name, what lives not, but in Madmen's Brains.
Like Bawds, each lurking Pastor seeks the Dark,
and fears the Justice's inquiring Clerk.
In close back Rooms his routed Flock he rallies,
and reigns the Patriarch of blind Lanes and Allies.
There safe, he lets his thund'ring Censures fly,
Inchristens, damns us, gives our Laws the Lie,
and Excommunicates Three-Stories high.
Why, since a Land of Liberty they hate,
Will will they linger in this Free born State?
Here, ev'ry Hour, fresh hateful, Objects rise;
Peace, and Prosperity afflict their Eyes:
With Anguish, Prince, and People they survey,
Their just Obedience, and His righteous Sway.

PROLOGUE to the *Non-furor*.

Ship off, ye Slaves, and seek some Passive Land,
Where Tyrants after your own Hearts command,
To your *Transalpine* Master's Rule resort,
And fill an empty abdicated Court :
Turn your Possessions here to ready Rhino,
And buy ye Lands and Lordships at *Urbino*.

PROLOGUE

Upon the Revival of *TARTUFFE*, at
Theatre in *Lincolns-Inn-Fields*.

Written By Mr. JOSEPH GAY.

Spoken by Mr. RYAN.

TO Night, we wish to please, and yet be safe
Hope to get Money, and to make you laugh
We mean to fouse FANATICKS, Courn the POPE
That may be done without offence we hope ;

PROLOGUE to *Tartuffe*.

1, Their *Tools* of old supply'd the Comic Stage,
an And may do still with just Satyric Rage
For sure *They* are not *mended* in our Age.
Nor think our Colours may too strongly paint
The *stiff*, *Reforming*, *Separation-Saint*,
No *Toleration* sure, should make us civil,
To *Hypocritic Factors* for the Devil.
Who at the *Basis* of ALLEGIANCE strike,
E And hate all CHURCHES and all KINGS alike.
Our CHURCH, which, aw'd with Reverential Fear,
at No Muse shou'd e'er presume to mention here;
Long may She all the *Factionous Crew* defy,
AY. And lift her *Mitred Head* unenvy'd to the Sky.
While *Theirs* — but *Satire* prudently disdains,
To name the Whimsies of *Schismatic Brains*.
t be fa The Raving *Pastor* now contemns the Dark,
u laugh Nor fears the *Justice* or inquiring Clerk;
e POPE in *licens'd Rooms*, his *cheated Flock* he rallies,
pe; Not as of old on *Bulks*, in *Lanes*, and *Allies*.)

Th

There

PROLOGUE to *Tartuffe*.

There safe they let *Extemp're Nonsense* fly,
There give the Gospel, and the Laws the Lye,
Damn us, and then, — PREDESTINATION Cry.

Why since a Land of *Unity* they hate,
Still claim they New-Indulgence from the State
Here, ev'ry Hour, fresh hateful Objects rise,
Mitres, and *Bishopricks* afflict their Eyes,
With Anguish, *Church*, and *Church-men* they survey
Despise her *Altars*, and reject her Sway.
Ship off—ye Saints, —and seek some *righteous Land*
Where *Pastors* after your *own-Hearts* command;
Like Criminals adjudg'd to leave the Nation,
Go, take the Benefit of TRANSPORTATION:
Turn your Possessions here to ready Rhine,
And Preach abroad by *Jure non Divino*.

The Original

EPILOGUE to TARTUFFE.

Written by the Earl of Dorset.

MANY have been the vain Attempts of Wit,
Against the still-prevailing Hypocrite ;
Once, and but once, a Poet got the Day,
And vanquish'd *Busie* in a Puppet-Play ;
But *Busie* rallying, arm'd with Zeal and Rage,
Possess'd the Pulpit, and pull'd down the Stage.
To laugh at *English* Knaves is dang'rous then,
While *English* Fools will think 'em honest Men :
But sure no zealous Brother can deny us
Toe leave with this our Monsieur *Ananias*.
No Man may say, without being call'd an *Atheist*,
(*Papist*,
There are damn'd Rogues among the *French* and
That fix Salvation to short Band and Hair,
That belch and snuffle to prolong a Pray'r ;
That use to enjoy the Creature to express
In Whoring, Gluttony, and Drunkenness ;

And,

EPILOGUE to *Tartuffe*.

And, in a decent Way, perform them too
As well, nay better far, perhaps, than you:
Whose fleshly Failings are but Fornication,
We Godly phrase it Gospel-Propagation,
Just as Rebellion was call'd Reformation.
Zeal stands but Centry at the Gate of Sin,
Whilst all that have the Word pass freely in.
Silent, and in the Dark, for fear of Spies,
We march, and take Damnation by surprize.
There's not a roaring Blade in all this Town
Can go so far tow'rds Hell for Half-a-Crown,
As I for Six-pence, for I know the Way;
For want of Guides, Men are too apt to stray:
Therefore give Ear to what I shall advise,
Let ev'ry marry'd Man, that's grave and wise,
Take a *Tartuffe*, of known Ability,
To teach and to increase his Family;
Who shall so settle lasting Reformation,
First get his Son, then give him Education.



THE
Court Miscellany,
IN
PROSE and VERSE.

NUMBER I.

To be continu'd Occasionally.

CONTAINING,

- I. A LETTER from a West-Country *Freeholder*,
to the Right Hon. Mr. Secretary *Webster*,
occasion'd by Mr. *Budgell's* LETTER to the
Lord
 - II. The CHURCH-SCUFFLE: Or, News from
St. *Andrew's*: A BALLAD, (occasion'd by Dr. *Sa-
cheverell's* Proceedings against Mr. *Whiston*.) To
the Tune of, *A Begging we will go, &c.* By
Mr. JOSEPH GAY.
 - III. News from COURT: An Excellent New
BALLAD, To the Tune of, *To all you Ladies
now at Land, &c.*
 - IV. The Female PHAETON: Or, VERSES ON
the Lady *Katherine Hyde*. By Mr. PRIOR.
 - V. HORACE and VENUS. A SONG. By Mr. PRIOR.
-

L O N D O N :

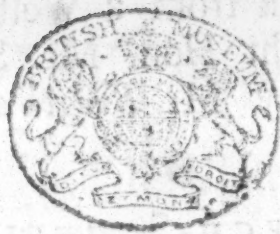
Printed for E. CURLL in *Fleetstreet*, 1719.

(Price Six-pence.)

COLL. MICHIGAN

PROG. AND VERG.

To be supplied occasionally



A letter from the University of Michigan to the Michigan Historical Society, dated 1817.

The University of Michigan, in its first year, has been distinguished by the presence of a large number of students, and the faculty have been distinguished by the presence of a large number of professors.

All news from Europe, and Michigan, New England, to the end of the year, is now at hand.

The Faculty of the University of Michigan, in its first year, has been distinguished by the presence of a large number of students, and the faculty have been distinguished by the presence of a large number of professors.

The Faculty of the University of Michigan, in its first year, has been distinguished by the presence of a large number of students, and the faculty have been distinguished by the presence of a large number of professors.



A
LETTER

FROM A

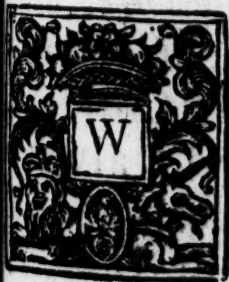
West-Country FREEHOLDER

To the Right Honourable

Mr. Secretary *Web----*r.

Right Honourable,

May it please your Honour,



E have receiv'd, in these Parts,
a printed Paper, written by our
Country-Man, concerning your
Honour, together with an An-
swer thereunto, written by
your Honour's Directions, which,
with great Submission to your Honour, is,
A 2 in

in our Opinion, nothing to the Purpose; but we are inform'd, your Honour, who is a great Man, doth not care for the Trouble of Spelling or Writing *English*; otherwise, we know your Honour could have made a better Answer your self. We see by the News Papers, that your Honour, who hath a main Interest at Court, hath got him put out of all his Places. We would not, however, have him be cast down; for we have never the worse Opinion of him because he hath not your Honour's good Word, and like him so much the better for his plain Speaking.

We know his Birth and Parentage a little better than your Honour; tho' your Honour's Book-Writer hath pretended to give an Account of them: His Grandfather was an honest Gentleman, and always liv'd among us upon his own Estate. The old Doctor, his Father, who had the good Luck, as we say in the Country, to outlive his elder Brothers, had a clear Concern left him of Eight or Nine Hundred a Year, as good Land as ever was plough'd, besides the best Living in all *Dorsetshire*, and a good Fortune with old Bishop *Gulstone's* only Daughter: He bred up his Children as well as any Lord in the Land, always kept his Coach and Four Horses, and a Glas of as good *March Beer*, or *October*, as any Gentleman in the County.

We hope

hope the young 'Squire will do the same. One of his Uncle's serv'd among us as a Member of Parliament, and we will do our best to send him up to *Westminster-House*, where we hope he will not be afraid to speak the Truth, either concerning your Honour, or your Honour's Master.

We all know, in these Parts, that our little Country-Man is Metal to the Back: But if your Honour hath any Mind to try him your self, we believe he will desire no Favour from your Honour, but fair Play. But, may it please your Honour, we hear strange Matters, and sad Stories in the Country; and that your Honour loves Fighting, as well as Writing, at second Hand. Your Honour, mayhap, may have heard of an old Proverb, That *dead Men tell no Tales*: But we are certain none of those noble Gentlemen who bang'd the *French*, and for whose Sake we pay'd all our Taxes, will ever be a Disgrace to old *England*: And we believe our good King *George* would take it very unkindly, either from your Honour, or the greatest Peer in the Land, to have any of his Officers employ'd to murder honest Gentlemen, and to fight your Honour's Battles.

We

We hear our Country-Man is going to *Ireland*, and may happen to talk, in the Parliament there, about your Honour. We hope, nevertheless, your Honour will take special Care that he may not be served as we hear one Colonel *Lutterell* was; for your Honour may depend upon it, we shall expect to have a very good Account of him. To tell your Honour the Truth, we look upon him, in the Country, to be near as good a Man as your Honour. We hear that he took rarely well to his Lesson at School, chopp'd Logic mainly at *Oxford*, and afterwards read over the Law of the Land at the Inns of Court, infomuch that, one Way or other, he hath scrap'd together a good deal of Book-Learning: Whereas, we cannot find that your Honour was any better brought up, or is any thing more of a Conjuror than one of our own Country Justice's Clerks. We hear, however, that your Honour is growing mainly Rich, and hath set up a Coach; and we all of us approve of the Colour of your Honour's Liveries, which we hear is *Yellow*. But though we can be content, may it please your Honour, to pay three Shillings in the Pound to beat the *Dons*, if need be, we should be sorry to hear any of it went towards your Honour's Equipage; for we find by our Country-Man's Book, that your Honour hath got more Money already,

dy, in one Year, than many a gallant Officer who hath lost his Limbs in the Service, or than any of our Country-Gentlemen, who have made many a Bonfire, and given many a Hoghead of Ale, out of pure Love to King George.

May it please your Honour, we Country Folk should be glad to be govern'd by those who have a little more Wit than our selves; and for ought we can find, your Honour was never cut out, any more than one of us, to be a Secretary of State or a Privy-Counsellor. We hope, your Honour will consider of what we have said, and take nothing amiss; for tho' we are plain-spoken Men, we love King George, and would be glad to have him well serv'd. We are,

Right Honourable,

May it please your Honour,

Your Honour's

Most humble Servants.



THE
CHURCH-SCUFFLE:
OR,
News from St. **ANDREW'S.**
A
BALLAD.

To the Tune of, *A Begging we will go.*

HAVE you not heard of a pious Fray,
Which happen'd in this Town,
Between a stubborn *Heretick*
And Champion of the Gown;
To St. Andrew's we will go, will go, will go,
To St. Andrew's we will go.

The

The *Heretick*, O blefs us all !

Wou'd dare to fay his *Pray'rs* ;
And with that wicked bold Intent,
To's *Parish-Church* repairs.

To St. Andrew's he did go, did go, &c.

But when the *Priest* perceiv'd him there,
Good lack ! his *Zeal* did rife,
It ftopt his *Pray'rs*, and fwell'd his *Breast*,
And threaten'd in his *Eyes*.

To St. Andrew's we will go, will go, &c.

At laft, in charitable *Rage*,
He fent this *Message* ftout :
Go, *bid this Arian quit my Church*,
Or *I will turn him out*.

From St. Andrew's he fhall go, fhall go, &c.

The resolute *Free-Thinker* then,

Oh, monst'rous to be told !

Deny'd the PASTOR's *Right Divine*

To turn him from his *Fold*.

To St. Andrew's we will go, will go, &c.

The zealous *Priest*, now more enrag'd

At so prophane a Slight,

In rev'rend Person then advanc'd

To th' *unbelieving Wight*.

To St. Andrew's we will go, will go, &c.

Out of my *Church*, thou *Infidel* !

Nor think thou here shalt Pray ;

Thy Sight disturbs my pious Soul,

Therefore, away, away !

From St. Andrew's thou shalt go, shalt go, &c.

I am no *Infidel*, He said ;

What *Sacred Writings* Teach
I do most stedfastly believe,
But not all that *You Preach*.

To *St. Andrew's* we will go, will go, &c.

The *lawless Pow'r* usurp'd by *Priests*,

I neither *own* nor *fear* ;
God's *Word's* my Guide, he is my Judge,
And him I worship here.

To *St. Andrew's* we will go, will go, &c.

The *Orthodox* to this replies,

You've no *Authority*,
T'explain that *Word*, but should submit
To the CHURCH's wise Decree.

To *St. Andrew's* we will go, will go, &c.

The CHURGH, the CHURCH, you shou'd
(obey,

Nor once her *Pow'r* dispute ;
Sh' Interprets *Right*, she never *Errs*,
And she is *Absolute*.

To St. Andrew's we will go, will go, &c.

But oh ! what boots this learn'd Advice,
Where *Ignorance* prevails :

This *Reas'ning* Wretch, from *Holy Church*
To's *Bible* still Appeals.

To St. Andrew's we will go, will go, &c.

Alack ! alack ! that Book will prove

Too strong, I plainly see,
For ATHANASIUS and the *Church*,
With all their *Mystery* !

To St. Andrew's we will go, will go, &c.

O pious,

u'd O pious, wife, SACHEVERELL !
bey, How prudent's *Thy* Command !
To lock him out of all the Seats,
Since *Thee* he durst withstand.

xc. To St. Andrew's we will go, will go, &c.

Then let him stand in Gallery,
And be each *Tory's* Jest ;
That He hereafter may take Care
How he provokes a *Priest*.

xc. To St. Andrew's we will go, will go, &c.

Ye *Bigots* and *Free-Thinkers* all,
Who hear this *holy Fray*,
A while suspend your other Feuds,
To *Holbourn* let's away !

xc. To St. Andrew's we will go, will go, &c.

ous, There

There we shall hear SACHEVERELL,

Damn *Hereticks* aloud!

And WHISTON see, in patient Mood,

Amidst the gaping Croud.

.... To St. Andrew's we will go, will go, will go,

To St. Andrew's we will go.





NEWS from COURT.

A

BALLAD.

the Tune of, *To all you Ladies now at Land.*

By Mr. CALEY.

YE Ladies Fair, who live remote

From all our *London* News,

no ne'er attempt to get by Rote

Lampoons or *Billetdoux*,

you it is my Ballad comes,

tell you Tales of Drawing-Rooms.

With a fa, la la la la la.

What

What Pranks are play'd behind the Scene
 And who at Court the *Belle* ;
 Some swear that it is *Bellandine*,
 And others say *La-Pell* ;
 But whichsoe'er's the Tit in Vogue,
 Miss *Meadows* is the pretty Rogue.

With a fa, la la, &c

Not far from *Golden-Square*, I know
 A Shop renown'd for Lace,
 Where sometimes S— and sometimes H—
 Do meet a certain Grace :
 Then Things are done we must not blame
 For all great Ladies do the same.

With a fa, la la, &c

O-----'s as rotten as a Pear,
 And *Sally* follows Sport ;

'Tis C---- alone buys S----w's Ware,

As envious Folks report.

The witty Blades at *Button's* quibble,

And *Colley* still does steal and scribble.

With a fa, la la, &c.

And now, Fair Maids, I take my Leave

Of you and *Egham* Town;

But first wou'd have you all believe

How good your Slave is grown.

I ne'er the Paths of *Drury* tread,

But Piss, and Pray, and go to Bed.

With a fa, la la, &c.





THE
Female *PHAETON*

By Mr. PRIOR.

I.

THUS *Kitty*, * beautiful and young,
And wild as Colt untam'd,
Bespoke the Fair from whom she sprung,
With little Rage inflam'd.

II. In

* Lady Katherine Hyde.

II.

Inflam'd with Rage at sad Restraint
Which wise *Mamma* ordain'd,
And sorely vex'd to play the Saint,
Whilst Wit and Beauty reign'd.

III.

Shall I thumb Holy Books, confin'd
With *Abigails* forsaken !
Kitty's for other Things design'd,
Or I am much mistaken.

IV.

Must Lady *Fenny* frisk about,
And Visit with her Cozens ?
At Balls must *She* make all the Rout,
And bring Home Hearts by Dozens ?

V.

What has She better, pray, than I?
What hidden Charms to boast,
That all Mankind for her should die,
Whilst I am scarce a Toast?

VI.

Dearest *Mamma*, for once let me,
Unchain'd, my Fortune try;
I'll have my *Earl* as well as She,
Or know the Reason why.

VII.

I'll soon with *Fenny's* Pride quit Score,
And make her Lovers fall;
They'll grieve I was not loos'd before,
She, I was loos'd at all.

VIII. Fond-

VIII.

Fondness prevail'd, *Mamma* gave Way ;
Kitty, at Heart's Desire,
Obtains the Chariot for a Day,
And set the World on Fire.



C A N-



CANTATA.

The Words by Mr. PRIOR.

HORACE and VENUS.

Beneath a verdant *Lawrel's* ample Shade,
His *Lyre* to mournful Numbers strung,
Horace! Immortal Bard, supinely laid,
To *Venus* thus address'd his Song :

*Ten thousand little Loves around
List'ning, dwelt on every Sound.*

Potent

Potent *Venus*, bid thy Son

Sound no more his dire Alarms ;

Youth on filent Wings is flown,

Graver Years come rolling on.

Potent Venus, &c. recitat.

Spare me now, unfit for Arms ;

Safe and Humble let me rest;

From all Amorous Care releas'd,

Safe and Humble let me rest.

Safe and Humble, &c. recitat.

Yet why, alas! do I each Morn prepare

The fragrant Wreath's for *Cloe's* Hair?

Why ! Why do I each Day lament and sigh,

Unless the Beauteous Maid be Nigh?

And, why all Night purfue her in my Dreams,

Thro' flow'ry Meads and chrystal Streams?

Thus fung the Bard, and thus the Goddeſs
(ſpoke ;

Submissive Bow to Love's Imperious Yoke.

Every

*Every State, and every Age,
 Shall own my Rule, or fear my Rage;
 Compell'd by me, thy Muse shall prove
 That all the World was born to Love.*

Bid thy destin'd Lyre discover,

Soft Desire and gentle Pain.

Bid thy destin'd Lyre discover,

Soft Desire and gentle Pain.

Bid thy, &c. recitat.

Often praise her, always love her,

Thro' her Ears her Heart obtain.

Verse shall please, and Sighs shall move her;

Cupid does with Phæbus reign.

Verse shall, &c. recitat.

FINIS.



de.

itat.

her;

citat.